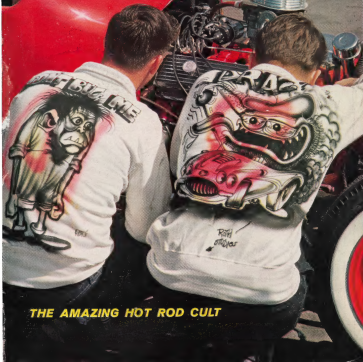


Sports Illustrated

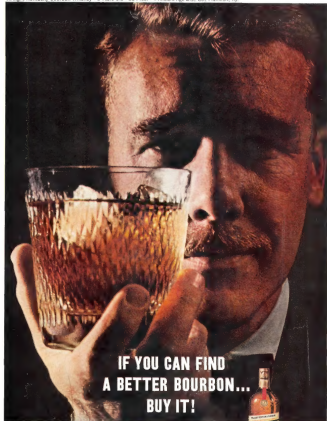
APRIL 24, 1961

25 CENTS



THE AMAZING HOT ROD CULT

Straight Kentucky Bourbon Whiskey • 6 Years Old • 86 Proof • © Ancient Age Dist. Co., Frankfort, Ky.



**IF YOU CAN FIND
A BETTER BOURBON...
BUY IT!**

Ancient Age
Kentucky Bourbon



Out of Kentucky, the great bourbon country, comes the greatest of them all, mellow, warmhearted, aged six full years...Ancient Age.

Note: These "Memos to Advertisers" inserts appear only in the copies of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** that go to our friends in the advertising business

April 24, 1961

MEMO TO ADVERTISERS

From L. L. Callaway Jr.

The Search for Truth

As ill luck would have it, I erred in the last of these memos, in attributing **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**'s first space order in our history, from Stetson Hats, to the Gray & Rogers agency.

After considerable reconstructing, it turns out that in truth, our first order was from Gray & Rogers, for Lee Tires, which however did not run. Our first order that **did** run was from Stetson Hats, but it was placed by our long-time friend Joe Braun, Vice-President and Media Director of Kenyon & Eckhardt. Shortly afterward the Stetson account switched to Gray & Rogers, and that's what probably caused my confusion.

Is everything clear? All right, just to end it on an all's-well-that-ends-well note, I assume you saw last week that Lee Tires is now numbered among our 1961 advertisers. That order was apparently delayed in the mail. And so, apologies all around, especially to Joe Braun, and we promise in future to hire a curator to take care of the memorabilia.



On the back
of this desk
statuette of
mine it says
"Be calm—buy
Vestinghouse"

SI Auto-biography for 1960

Our Detroit manager, John Miles, has just sent me an interesting observation based on P.I.B. figures in the automotive field for 1960. John noted that we weren't first in automotive advertising pages—but **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** **did** carry the advertising of more individual domestic cars, 29 in all, than did any other magazine last year.

This is the sort of statistic that I think reflects great credit on our magazine, and its aptness as an advertising medium for the automotive industry, the petroleum industry, and the accessory industry—to name just three—and we expect to quote it widely.

(continued on other side)

(continued from preceding page)

But I can't help worrying whether you really take statistics like this seriously. Let me illustrate with a not-too-imaginary conversation I had the other day with a not-at-all-imaginary advertising neighbor, client, and fellow-commuter.

Friend: Thanks for the ride, Pete. How's SI doing?

Callaway: Charley, better than ever. We're up in men's wear, ahead in liquor, doing fine in cars—we'll have a real good 1961.

Friend: Gee, that's great, Pete. Where do you stand in men's wear now, for example?

Callaway: You know what? In 1960 we were **second** in revenue in that classification — second among **all** magazines. *Life* was first, with about 3 million—we were **second** with 2 million 7.

Friend: Terrific, terrific. (Pause) Of course, that's not counting *Esquire* or anything.

Callaway: Yes, it is counting *Esquire*. All magazines, except *Life*.

Friend: Gee, I can't— Well, it's hard to— (Friend turns away, as if I had kicked him or something.)

Well, I admit it is hard to submit a fact that runs counter to what a man has thought for a long time. Don't you agree? If you don't, put **yourself** in the picture. You're discussing media, and the question has come up as to which magazines are currently in the ascendant in the automotive field. You have just read that statistic that John Miles sent me, and you feel that if the conversation comes around to you, you have a worthwhile contribution to make to the discussion.

Somebody at the table: In Rosser Reeves' new book, he says that by increasing your own advertising impact, you can decrease that of your competitors.

Someone else: Right. That means we ought to run the campaign where the competition's running. Jim, what magazine carries the most auto advertising?

You: (I forgot to tell you, your name is Jim): *Life* carried the most pages in 1960. But here's an interesting fact. **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** carried the advertising of more different domestic cars than any magazine—29 in all. *Life* carried 26.

Somebody: **SPORTS** what? Carried more different cars than **any** magazine? Say, that's pretty interesting. But by that you don't mean magazines like the *Post*, or anything, do you?

You: Sure I mean the *Post*. The *Post* carried 25 different cars—**SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** 29.

Somebody: Well, then you mean that's counting the foreign cars, too. It's impossible that—

(continued on back flap of this insert)

Volume 34, Number 18

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by Time Inc., 140 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 10, IL, except two year-end issues combined. Second class postage paid at Chicago, IL, and at additional mailing offices. U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$6.75 a year. This issue published in National and Separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows:—European, \$1.50; Soviet, \$2.10.



Johnny Mantz, National Stock Car Champion, blasting through a water barrier at Kingman, Arizona, Test Track.



Test Driver Johnny Mantz proves it for himself!

IT GOT A BATH AT 80 MPH... and the chassis lube stayed put!

"I'm on the big two-mile dirt test track at Kingman where they torture Fords... getting ready to take a bath in a Galaxie at 80 mph. I come out of the turn and down the long chute and then sight the water -- a mean-looking pool just ahead. Then whoosh! I'm in it -- and through it -- as water blasts at the suspension, and rough desert sand tears at the ball joints. I brake down to a stop and we hoist the Ford. Everything's like it was. The sealed ball joints are intact -- the moly grease is still there even after a sand and water blasting that would wash most front ends dry. No wonder this one goes 30,000 miles between lube jobs!"

Johnny Mantz

THE '61 FORD!

BEAUTIFULLY BUILT TO TAKE CARE OF ITSELF!

new version Ford Motor Company.

No finer touch
in the
history of golf



Only the incomparable Walter Hagen ever won a major tournament every year for 20 years, including 4 British Opens and 5 PGA Championships. His timing was infallible and his touch as sensitive as a jeweler's scale.

No finer balance
in golf clubs today

Haig Ultra for 1961



*In presidential black with
imperial red nylon face insert*

"The finest touch" in golf history is now translated into genuine Haig Ultra woods for 1961. Sensitive—responsive—Strata-Bloc® heads feature exclusive Uni-Bond process that seals out moisture, seals in perfect balance. Pro-Flex shaft "kicks" into ball for added distance. Grips crafted of rich calfskin add new confidence to your swing. If you have a feeling for greatness, play Haig Ultra Woods.

Available only through golf professional shops



Haig Ultra irons. Sensitive-
balanced for greater power and
accuracy. Precision-matched
and registered.

Haig Ultra

Walter Hagen Golf • Grand Rapids, Michigan

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A noncommittal hockey's Stanley Cup finals holds aloof from a family fight

36 Some Questions for Peg

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Flaming-boat champion George O'Day shows how to sail faster by wave riding and using a spinnaker

56 Wanted: Good Jockeys

Whitney Tower examines the serious shortage of riders in Part IV of his series on racing's ills

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by Time Inc., 140 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, IL, except two issues at year end. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL, and at additional mailing offices. U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$6.75 a year. This issue published in national and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions (numbers) or allowed for as follows: Mexico, \$1.50; Spain, \$2.00.

Advertisements on page 12

Next week

Ralph Haski, new manager of the Yankees, has already been typed as the really efficient military man. But Ted Maule sees him differently.

James Ramsey Ullman, noted for his sensitive writing on race and class, turns his distinguished talents to the story of a wonderful wedding on an unknown Pacific island.

A preview of the 87th running of the Kentucky Derby, America's No. 1 horse race, and an introduction to the Longhorns, Falcons and Vipers, who may have the winner.



You can perform better with a GUINNESS in mind!



The robust flavor of this ruby draught will never replace the soft drink. There's nothing soft or syrupy about Guinness®. But for muscular men... who work hard, play hard, live hard... this is it. That strong, half-bitter taste is something to look forward to! For 200 years now, this dark, Irish brew has been the masculine man's preference. Frankly, it is not for everyone. But vigorous, vital men are vehement that Guinness stout has the secret of the cool refreshment they need. Guinness goes good, mixed half-and-half with beer... it goes great straight!

GUINNESS®

A FULL-BODIED BREW FOR ABLE-BODIED MEN

IMPORTED BY HEUBLEIN FOOD IMPORTING CO., HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT



COMING EVENTS

April 21 to April 27

All times are E.S.T.

★ Color television ★ Television ★ Network radio

Friday, April 21

HORSE RACING
New Mexico Cigaled Children's Benefit Show, Albuquerque (through April 23).

TRACK & FIELD
Kansas Relays, Lawrence, Kans. (also April 22).

Saturday, April 22

BASEBALL

★ Milwaukee at Pittsburgh, 1:30 p.m. (NBC).

★ New York at Baltimore, 3:30 p.m. (CBS).

BOWLING

Phil Roth versus Sam, Newport Harbor, Calif.

BOWLING

★ Bowling Stars, Wily vs. Clasen, 3 p.m. (NBC).

★ Mike Thor Sports, 10:30 p.m. (ABC).

BOXING

★ Freddie vs. Duilio, middle title fight (Max and T.V. 15 min., Boston, 10 p.m. (ABC).

GOLF

★ All-Star Golf series, Collins vs. Fackrell, 4 p.m. to each team race. (ABC).

HARDEN RACING

U.S.A. Tour race, 6:00 a.m., Vandora, N.Y.

HORSE RACING

Laurel Handicap, 2:30 p.m., Laurel.

★ The Wood Menace, 2:30 p.m., Aqueduct, N.Y.

★ Olympia Network regional TV (NBC radio).

HUNT RACE MEETING

Grand National Puppy-in-Pink, 2:30 p.m., Middleham, York, Widdowbury, W.

MOTOR SPORTS

International Race, Austin, England.

NASCAR Grand National division, 4:30 p.m., Hickory, N.C.

ROGERS

American Cup Final, Wembley, England.

TRUCK & FIELD

Ohio Relays, Columbus, Ohio.

★ NBC Open Starlight meet, Stanford, Calif.

★ English-Fit Relays, Norfolk, Va.

TRUCK & FIELD

★ Milwaukee at Pittsburgh, 2 p.m. (NBC).

★ New York at Baltimore, 3:30 p.m. (CBS).

BOWLING

★ Lail vs. Onda, junior women title bout, 11 min., Milan, Italy.

GOLF

★ Celebrity Golf Series, New Brand vs. Hayes, 2 p.m. (NBC).

HORSE RACING

Standard Derby, 2:30 p.m., Standard Park, N.H.

MOTOR SPORTS

NASCAR Grand National division, 4:30 p.m., Richmond.

Monday, April 23

BOXING

Johnson vs. Clay, NBA light heavy title bout, 11 min., Philadelphia.

GOLF

North and South Men's Amateur, Fitchburg, N.C. (through April 25).

HORSE RACING

Thoroughbred Handicap, 2:30 p.m., Aqueduct, N.Y.

Tuesday, April 24

BASEBALL

★ Cleveland at Baltimore.

Wednesday, April 25

HORSE RACING

Lafayette Stakes, 1:30 p.m., Keeneland, Lexington, Ky.

The Comedy, 2:30 p.m., Aqueduct, N.Y.

Thursday, April 27

FOUR RACING

★ Summer Sports Spectacular, "48 Star Figure Skating Challenge," 7:30 p.m., CBS.

GOLF

★ LPGA Titleholders Championship, Augusta, Ga. (through April 29).

★ Tour (also, 2:30 p.m., San Antonio (through April 28).

HORSE RACING

★ Grand Championship Tour, 1:30 p.m., Vandora, N.Y.

HORSE RACING

Blue Grass Stakes, 1:30 p.m., Keeneland, Lexington, Ky.

HORSE RACING

★ New Orleans Charity show, New Orleans (through April 28).

*See local listing



Watches featured: Right, 45, 1-45, 35, 100; Left, 45, 1-45, 35, 100; Right, 45, 1-45, 35, 100. Hamilton Watch Co., Lancaster, Pa.

*Weatherproof, registered, provides optimal seal to protect movement.



GIVE A **HAMILTON** WEATHERPROOF

This is a fun-in-the-sun watch. It shakes off spray and sand. It conquers any climate and steps out smartly on dress occasions. Fair weather or foul, the Weatherproof® shows its special excellence. This is evident in its Hamilton styling, its Hamilton accuracy and steady performance. At Hamilton Jewelers in the U. S. and Canada.

FOR ALL THE HOURS OF A LIFETIME

A man in a grey suit stands next to a wooden table, holding a cigarette. The background is dark and moody.

This
is Michaels-Stern in
Wonderon

We promise you a most pleasurable summer in a Michaels-Stern suit of Wonderon. You will notice the difference immediately. The comfortable, weightless way it settles around your shoulders. The way it keeps its composure... and yours... through heat, and humidity. It is our own exclusive and very special blend of Dacron Polyester Fiber and Worsted. We show it here in Glen Plaid. For the name of the store nearest you, write Dept. IW, Michaels-Stern, 83 Clinton Avenue North, Rochester 2, N. Y.

Australian Affiliate: Harford Clothing Ltd., Melbourne



Most significant advance in golf clubs since steel shafts!

THESE ARE the brilliant new Spalding Top-Flite EXECUTIVE Woods®—as revolutionary in performance as they are in appearance.

The exclusive new concave head design gives the EXECUTIVES a substantially lower center of gravity. This enables you to get the ball up and away far faster and easier. For the first time ever, no screws are necessary in assembling the face insert. Result: more distance and the sweetest "click" ever heard in golf. *Price \$1,399.972

In design, in materials and in assembly, these are the finest golf woods ever made. Naturally then, they cost more, but the difference in your game makes the EXECUTIVES well worth it.

Top-Flite EXECUTIVE Woods are being manufactured in limited quantity and sold through golf professional shops only.

SPALDING
sets the pace in sports



Will he break Lefty Grove's record?

For a handsome 75¢ by 11 inch reproduction of this drawing, send your name and address, and the words: Lefty Grove to Equitable, P.O. Box 3626, N.Y. 1, N.Y.

In his 17-year career Lefty Grove led his league for 9 years in earned runs. No pitcher of our century has topped his 1931 record of 51 wins against 4 losses. He has the highest lifetime won-lost percentage of them all: .690. And he's the only pitcher to win 300 games after the introduction of the rabbit ball.

The hero-worship that the boys of America have for athletes like Lefty Grove plays an important part in making our country a physically fit nation.

Our national leaders have pointed out the importance of physical fitness at this time in history. They have

stated that we cannot allow our physical vigor to decline if we are to meet the challenges which face us today. They recognize the fitness of our children and young people as the responsibility of all of us.

To discharge this responsibility, it is essential that we guarantee youth the opportunity to develop physically at home and in the school. The Equitable is proud of the millions of youngsters who have been given this opportunity through Equitable Living Insurance.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States
Home Office: 300 Seventh Ave., New York 1, N.Y. ©1961

KEY MODERNS by FREEMAN

American men go casually
elegant in a slip-on with
a bold Tack stitch.
Brahma Calf: Brown, Black,
or Antique Bronze.



Style No. 2875

"Key Moderns" were designed
for the man who looks modern,
turns his head right down
to his shoes.
No modern man can afford
to be careless about his footwear.
No man looks right in shoes
that are wrong for the occasion.

*always wear
an appropriate pair
...Freeman*

Choose from the Freeman Family of Fine Footwear... Bestmaker Guild,
Freeman Shoes, Town Squires... \$11.95 to \$25.95. Freeman Shoes Corp.,
Beloit, Wis., America's Largest Exclusive Makers of Men's Fine Shoes.

© 1987 Freeman Shoes Corp.

On Parliament Hill, Ottawa,
Canada's British heritage
is reflected in
colorful pageantry



...the wonderful world at your doorstep!

A barbecue lunch—gourmet meal on a family holiday



A guardsman's fingertips snapped to a towering bushy, a child's arms up-flung with joy at a barbecue: the salutes you'll see in **Canada** vary as widely as the range of pleasures you'll find here. There's the triumphant wave of a fisherman on the Restigouche River . . . the applause of an audience at Stratford's Festival Theatre . . . doffed cap of jockey at colorful Assiniboine Downs. In **Canada**, historic sites salute a colorful past, fascinating cities hail a bright future. There's a salute waiting for you, too—the easy salute of greeting from a friendly neighbor. Come up to **Canada** and join the ceremonies . . . our full-color preview is yours for the asking. Just mail the coupon for our Canadian Vacation Package, including the new "Invitation to Canada."

Canadian Government
Travel Bureau,
Ottawa, Canada



Please send the Canadian Vacation Package to:

NAME _____
C. _____ PLEASE PRINT
ADDRESS _____
CITY & STATE _____

Wherever you go  you look better in an Arrow shirt



Photographed for Arrow at Stratford-on-Avon, England. 640 hours by Pan American Jet Clipper

Sport shirts that speak impeccable English
...new Arrow British Accents

Look inside the collar of these shirts and you'll find the label, "Designed in England." These are the new Arrow British Accents, the sport shirts in perfect taste for every activity.

The English placket pullover, at left, features one of the new colors for Spring—stone blue. The striping is eye-catching yet conservative. And,

like all Arrow shirts, it has contour tailoring to assure neatness.

The stone blue Arrow shirt with white square motif, at right, is another striking new English pattern. There are 7 colors to choose from.

Arrow British Accents have American virtues too—wrinkle resistant, all-cotton wash-and-wear fabric that

requires only touch-up ironing. And, they're "Sanforized" labeled to assure permanent fit. Every shirt is unmistakably English. Every shirt is unmistakably Arrow. See British Accents at your Arrow retailer. 2.00.

—ARROW—

SCORECARD

AND THEN THERE WERE MANY

The rivalry between Arnold Palmer and Gary Player goes far beyond any single golf tournament, however exciting. The U.S. hasn't seen two players with such personal color since Ben Hogan and Sam Snead were at the top of their games in the early '50s. Palmer and Player are both products of junior competition, Palmer having learned to play at an early age in this country and Player having developed in South Africa. Both love the long game (Palmer will soon be out with a book titled, *Hit It Hard*, and Player says, "My game is an attacking game and whether it comes off or it doesn't come off is any tournament—well, I'm only 28"). Palmer gained the first of his Masters' titles at 23, and Player got his Masters at 25; the median age for a Masters champion is 33.

The Palmer-Player battle two weeks ago drew 27% of the entire Saturday afternoon television audience and 19% of the audience on Monday. We believe that with their boldness, color and skills, Palmer and Player will be drawing young men from the jukeboxes and hot rods, and that instead of having to wait for three people to get off the first tee golfers may soon have to wait for 10.

ONE MORE TIME

Few were surprised last week when the Boston Celtics moved easily to their third consecutive National Basketball Association championship. Bill Russell, Tom Heinsohn, Bill Sharman and all the rest of the Celtics managed to beat the St. Louis Hawks in five games.

Yet, as is always the case with the Celtics, the man most people were talking about after the final game was 33-year-old Bob Cousy, who had to be helped from the court. Cousy had been suffering from an acute sinus condition, and after the game he lay on a training table retching, crying and gasping for breath, while his teammates celebrated noisily

about him. Soon, however, he recovered and said to a reporter standing near by, "There must be an easier way to make a living."

We doubt, however, that Cousy will find one in 1962.

TEXAN STANDOFF

Who's got the world's strongest stomach muscles? Conflicting claims were registered in Houston a few days ago by Pepper Gomez and Angelo Poffo, resulting in what might appear to be a peculiarly one-sided contest. Both men are professional wrestlers; Pepper is from Houston and Angelo from Chicago. At a TV broadcast from the stage of the city auditorium in Pepper's home town, Angelo, who has done 4,033 sit-ups and has made *Believe It or Not*, scoffed at Gomez' abdominalia. The indignant Gomez challenged Poffo on the spot. Poffo's



manager, Bronko Lubitch, forthwith climbed to the top of a ring-post turnbuckle and leaped from a height of four and a half feet onto the supine Pepper's stomach. Pepper's face turned blue, but his stomach remained in place. Then the 230-pound Poffo hoisted himself up on top of the turnbuckle and jumped on Pepper. But, apparently dizzy from the height, he missed and landed on Pepper's neck. Señor Gomez was trundled to the hospital with a bruised esophagus and bruised feelings about

strong-stomached friends who can't jump straight.

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY

Heavyweight Sonny Liston's lament last week that he will quit boxing unless Pep Barone, his manager of record, releases him from his contract, can be viewed in a number of ways: naive, cynical and hopeful. It is Liston's contention, and an accurate one, that Floyd Patterson will not fight him unless he gets rid of his hoodlum goons. Liston's laudable intention is to find a manager who will be acceptable to both Patterson and Senator Kefauver, before whose subcommittee there was testimony that Barone is a stooge and that Liston is controlled by Mobster Frankie Carbo and John Vitale, among others.

It is possible that Liston's passionate outburst was staged by Frankie and Johnny. Barone has indicated that he might return his contract to Sonny, although he says he has been offered \$150,000 for it. This is not as preposterous as it seems. Even if Sonny were to acquire a proper manager, he could still whack up his end of the pusses with the koods. Liston is not, however, assured of an immediate title shot merely by obtaining a wholesome manager. He is the logical contender, but boxing is not a syllogism. It is bad business, because of taxes, for Patterson to fight for more than one big gate a year.

It would be naive to believe Sonny will quit and "go back to working like a dog." He explained this recent construction work such as he performed in St. Louis several years ago. Waste no pity. According to the testimony of a St. Louis cop, the main constructive labor Liston did for the Vitale Cement Co. was keeping Negro workers in line. Last year Senator Dirksen observed that Liston was "short on words but long on clout." We make the same observation: we applaud Liston's statement as made in good faith, but we're going to keep whistling until we get some action.

WHERE THE GIRLS ARE

It used to be that a man would say to his wife, "Goin' down to the tavern to see the fight. See ya later." Of course, he had a TV set at home, but the weekly venture into the evening world was an act of manliness. It separated the boys from the girls.

—PHILIP H. KATZ

STOP DEODORANT GLOP

SKIN-SMOOTH CONTACT

MENNEN
**SPEED
STICK**
deodorant
FOR MEN



NEAT • CLEAN • EASY TO USE

Goes on Dry—Never Wet or Tacky! Heavy Duty Formula Gives Longer Lasting Protection.

Speed Stick is so wide—one stroke gives complete coverage. Explosive heavy duty formula gives you that special protection a man needs. Yet Speed Stick is so safe to use! Contains no harsh chemicals, alcohol or

irritants of any kind. Won't irritate normal skin, won't stain or damage your clothes. Goes on dry—it's skin-smooth! Won't crumble or shrink. Clean muscine scent. Unbreakable plastic container is ideal for travel.

DON'T MISS with sprays

Fog-like sprays also give hit-or-miss coverage, can feel wet, sticky. Yet Mennen Speed Stick goes on dry. One stroke of Speed Stick each day gives maximum coverage that really lasts!

DON'T MESS with roll-ons

Roll-ons feel tacky. Narrow rollers take extra rubbing to apply. Mennen makes sure you're safely protected with one stroke of Speed Stick. Heavy-duty man's deodorant protects around the clock.

DON'T FUSS with creams

Nothing sticks to anything, nothing to dip fingers in. You never touch deodorant. Just turn dial—up goes stick. Then one stroke of Speed Stick goes on dry, neat, with an all-man scent, by Mennen.

SCORECARD continued

Now, though, the man of the house can no longer sit at a friendly bar and be sure his wife is minding the children. A survey by ABC-TV, which just happens to telecast the fights, reveals that nearly 40% of the viewers of *Fight of the Week* are women.

THE NEW PROVINCIALISM

If the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul seemed both proud and provincial last week, they should be forgiven. The two cities apparently have picked up the old Washington Senators bag, baggage and bat rack and pressed them to their collective (temporarily) heart. Department stores in St. Paul were selling "Minnesota Twins" sweat shirts, and for just 1¢ a fan could get a Harmon Killebrew Louisville Slugger bat (of course, he had to buy a transistor radio, too).

The press of both cities seemed to go overboard in adoration of the Twins. On Monday, the day before Minnesota opened against the Yankees in New York, the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* proudly ran a story which said: "Minnesota's first bona fide major league baseball team quietly and confidently checked into their midtown hotel Sunday night to await Tuesday's American League opener against the vaunted Yankees."

BUT THE HOMER MARK MENACED? ran a headline in the *Minneapolis Morning Tribune*. By Wednesday the journalists, perhaps feeling that they too had acquired major league status, were running wild. TWINS SET TO FOUL, BASEBALL WORLD screamed a *Press* headline, and the story underneath said: "The Twins, to a man... were ready to prove the 'baseball's smartest' wrong and stage one of sport's biggest upsets since Uppet beat Mus o' War...."

After the Twins shut out the Yankees 6-0, thus marking the first time that New York had been held rankless in an opening game since 1953, the *Minneapolis Star* printed a large box with a list of 32 TWINS "FIRSTS," including first fly ball caught, first pitcher knocked out of box by Twins, first batter to reach first base three times in one game. The *Star* also ran some intriguing sidelights: "Joe Hendrickson and Nate Crabtree of Minneapolis were the first Minnesopolitans to show up at Yankee Stadium."

Actually, it would be very nice if

continued

NOT 12, 18 OR 24
MONTHS BUT...

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

Exclusive **NYTEX** *Construction*

Pat. Applied For

Nylon for strength, rayon for comfort—now, the best of both in one great tire! It's the SEIBERLING SUPER SERVICE Tire with exclusive NYTEX Construction, the unique Seiberling product innovation that gives more impact resistance, yet completely eliminates "Morning Thump." Have your dealer show you the SEIBERLING SUPER SERVICE—the replacement quality tire at economy tire prices—so good it's guaranteed for life!

***THIS GUARANTEE IS HONORED
ON THE SPOT BY
SEIBERLING DEALERS EVERYWHERE**

Every passenger car tire bearing the Seiberling name and serial number is guaranteed to give the purchaser full original tread wear WITHOUT LIMIT AS TO TIME OR MILEAGE, if it fails to do so, because of workmanship, materials, or ROAD HAZARDS (except repairable punctures) encountered in normal driving. It will be replaced with a NEW TIRE of same size and type. Replacement will be provided on tread wear and based on Seiberling prices current at time of adjustment.

SEIBERLING

MAKERS OF AMERICA'S FINEST TIRES IN EVERY PRICE RANGE



new 'Yards-of-Cards' case with new clear, non-crack windows

Shows 'yards' of credit cards without a single "crack"

The handsome new Prince Gardner credit card case has especially pliable plastic windows that can't tear or crack. And the exclusive expanding "closing" adjusts—literally slides—to let you add cards and cards without a single "crack" or a bend! There's a practical Add-A-Pass bar for extra windows, plus roomy outside and inside pockets for extra cards. Shown in Maroon, \$5.00. Others from \$3.95 up. All plus tax. At fine stores everywhere. *See listing.*

PRINCE GARDNER®

Prince Gardner Co., 1234 St. Louis, St. Louis 10, Mo.

SCORECARD continued

the Twins quietly and confidently checked into hotels around the league, heard the voices of Nate Crutcher and other Minneapolitans spurring Bob Lemon and Harmon Killebrew both to outdistance Ruth, and proving Sports Illustrated's "smarties," among others, wrong.

Tina's likely, though.

KENNEDY IN THE COUNTRY

Middleburg's 664 inhabitants are sporting people, and some of them are members of "the first families of Virginia." Now they have as neighbors the First Family. Sitting in his rocker on the porch of the 400-acre 19th century Middleburg estate, Glen Ora, the President can watch the fields of waving wheat and forget for the weekend the press and the politicians. Quail fly up right under his nose, and he can fish under a sweeping willow from a man-made pond stocked with bass and perch.

One of Mrs. Kennedy's Christmas presents to her husband was a riding outfit, including, it is said, a scarlet coat. The scarlet hunting set may a man should not wear a scarlet coat until he has hunted for at least five seasons. The President was too busy hunting nominations and elections to qualify strictly, but the neighbors are willing to make an exception, as they good-naturedly have for others in the past.

Since the President has taken to Glen Ora, the Secret Service of necessity has taken to horse. Some agents have been renting homes from a Middleburg stable. A local girl is teaching one of them to hunt. Nobody, we hope, has to teach them to shoot.

Spring racing of the Middleburg Hunt Association has begun, and as spring warms to summer plenty of tennis and swimming will be available. Skeet shooting is another local enthusiasm. There is also a bowling alley near by. If a President can get away from it all, a sporting President ought to be able to do it in Middleburg.

DOG-OWNERS' BOON

Dr. Gordon G. Stocking of The Upjohn Company of Kalamazoo has developed a hormone drug called Prodo that is said to suppress heat, or estrus, in lady dogs. Prodoes can be

continued

FACES IN THE CROWD



BRUCE BROWN, 19-year-old junior at Johns Hopkins, high jumper in Rochester, Minn., who won his first state diving title as eight-pounder, captured his fourth straight state diving title, still has one year of eligibility remaining.



PENNY STRUM, sophomore at Pfeiffer College in Milledgeville, S.C. who carried place on Pfeiffer's previously all-male tennis team, lost a match against boys from Davidson and Emory last season 6-3, 6-1 victory against Belmont Abbey's Thomas Hines.



BILL HEFFER, 5-foot-10, 118-pound freshman at Cold Spring School senior, ran 300 yards in 57 against El Cerrito H.S., three days later ran the 300 yards in 3.6 against Anaheim H.S., compared to the national interscholastic mark of 3.4.



ROY FOSTER, 16-year-old from Kingston, Jamaica, son of a girl (15) and under studies title in U.S. Open Table Tennis championships in Detroit, added weight (11 and under girls' title, lost in junior class (18 and under championship finals.



MIKE WOODS, 15, of State Village, Kans., left-handed with fast baseman's instincts, was chosen from 300 candidates as Kansas City Amateur first boy after winning last year's national boy he earned scholarship \$2,800 college scholarship.



FLOYD MASON, Harvard University basketball coach, accepted fifth annual Stan Greenfield Scholarship Award for Harvard from Collegiate Basketball Officials Association, heard his team praised "for highest degree of sportsmanship and ethics."



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*Ford Motor Company warrants to its dealers, and its dealers, in turn, warrant to their Lincoln Continental customers as follows: That for 24 months or for 24,000 miles, whichever comes first, but in no case less than 12 months, all repairs (including related labor) will be made by dealers, at no cost to the owner with a defect in workmanship or materials. Taxes are not covered by the warranty. Appropriate adjustments will continue to be made by the manufacturer. Dealers will remain responsible for normal maintenance items and routine replacement of maintenance items such as tires, spark plugs, oil, two-point and wiper blades.



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No other gasoline—only the BIG GALLON—contains ALL the ingredients, ALL the boosters, which directly produce BIG GALLON performance under every driving condition. Gasoline today is no simple liquid, but is made up of many ingredients, each of which plays an important part in powering your car's engine.

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LON

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given in either liquid or tablet form. Big dogs require a bigger daily dose than little dogs. Field tests have been going on for three years under the supervision of Upjohn Lab scientists, with 100% success on 200 lady dogs—no harmful side effects. Some have been kept out of heat for as long as two years. For best results, the dog should be given Prodox at least 30 days before the expected estrus.

Prodox is a progesterone derivative. The scientists say it artificially maintains the progestogen level in the dog. The higher the progestogen level, the greater the suppression of pituitary gonadotropin. To put it another way: no pups. Upjohn believes the drug will be a boon to owners of hunting, show and racing dogs—and of friendly dogs who have too many litters.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

- **Whitey Binstein**, boxing trainer, discussing light heavyweight Eddie Cotton after Cotton had beaten Binstein's tiger, Rory Calhoun: "This boy Cotton could beat three thirds of the light heavies around today, and with a little more experience he'll do even better's that."
- **Steve Barber**, the Baltimore Orioles' left-hander, after shutting out the Minnesota Twins on five hits: "I didn't have a thing. I didn't know where the next pitch was going. I started to throw fairly well after the fifth inning, but I had no rhythm. Just lucky, I guess."
- **Frank Lane**, noted trader now with the Kansas City A's, sounding off about his trading of Manager Joe Gordon for Jimmie Dyles last season: "I have made my last trade like that. Managers deserve more respect than to be swapped. I won't be doing it again."
- **John Toohey**, of *The Denver Post*, answered the phone last Saturday and received the following question: "Who was the Wood Memorial?" "Next week," said Toohey. "What'd he pay?" asked the horseplayer.
- **Yogi Berra**, longtime Yankee catcher, who had three bases stolen on him in the opening game of the season, can expect more thefts. The American League coaches and managers have found that Yogi has only about one good throw left in a game.

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smash back to
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With every crack of the bat, star southpaw Mike McCormick* of the San Francisco Giants knows he has a faithful friend in his MacGregor Field Master. With Field Master as his "right hand man" on the mound, Mike wound up the 1960 campaign with the lowest earned run average in the National League.



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DIVISION OF BRUNSWICK
WORLD LEADER IN RECREATION

A CHANGE AFTER



CIGAR-SMOKING TED KLUSZEWSKI HIT TWO HOME RUNS TO BECOME THE BIG HERO OF THE LOS ANGELES ANGELS OPENING-GAME

It began as it always begins, with a ritual which might be ridiculous if it were not so strangely exciting. The man, young for a President, old for a pitcher, shed his overcoat and picked up a new ball and glove. He examined both for a moment, as most men might, finally putting aside the glove. Then he reared back vigorously and hurled the ball over a bank of photographers and into the rear ranks of the players gathered before him. With this act, baseball began again in America.

In some respects it seemed on Opening Day that nothing in baseball had

changed from the year before. Pittsburgh won its opener with a typical sixth-inning rally, beating the Giants, who have been known to fold. Milwaukee's Warren Spahn pitched well, losing only because Ernie Broglio and Lindy McDaniel of the Cardinals combined to pitch a little better. Robin Roberts was back on the mound for Philadelphia, pitching in his 12th opener. Cleveland's Jim Fiersall made headlines, getting bombarded by golf balls and other refuse from peculiar Detroit fans and rising to the occasion with four base hits. Boston's batting champion Pete

Runnels made three hits, but Boston's infield made four errors to blow the game.

Some things had changed. Ted Williams was gone and so was Casey Stengel. Stengel's replacement, Ralph Houk, saw his New York Yankees shut out on three hits by Pedro Ramos, representing Minnesota, a new franchise. But nothing in baseball on Opening Day 1961 was quite as new or the subject of so much curiosity as the American League's ninth and 10th teams, the new Washington Senators (the old Senators are now the Minnesota Twins) and the Los

by WALTER BINGHAM

60 YEARS

Baseball is here again, embellished with two brand-new teams, a hard-throwing President and a cowboy owner with a genuine Hollywood touch



WIN, SAYS EVERY BILL RINGER, WITH POINTED PRIDE: "HE MAKES ME A GREAT MANAGER. . . IF HE DOESN'T HIT, THEN I'M A DIRT"

Angles Angels. Composed of rejects? True. Doomed to finish historically deep in the cellar? Maybe. But the opening games of the Senators and Angels were important nonetheless, for they marked the birth of expansion, the first change in the numerical structure of major league baseball in 60 years.

Washington was in a jubilant, holiday mood for the opener between the Senators and the Chicago White Sox. Congress convened at noon, then adjourned 10 minutes later and left for the ball park. Outside the main entrance to the stadium a five-

man combo in candy-cane shirts played *Alexander's Ragtime Band*. Vendors, dressed in wild red-and-blue blouses and pantaloons, did a brisk business. The crowd seemed anxious to welcome the new team, eager to love and support the players—if only out of resentment at Calvin Griffith who had moved the old Senators away.

Before the game each member of the Senators was introduced to the crowd. Unknowns like Chester Boak and Ed Hobaugh received polite applause. Dale Long and Gene Woodling got genuine roars. But the big

noise, the hero's welcome, was given to Mickey Vernon, the manager. For Vernon, an oldtime Washington player, this was his 12th presidential opener, and John F. Kennedy would be the fourth President he had seen throw out the first ball.

"My favorite opener was 1964," Vernon had said earlier. "I hit a home run in the 10th inning to win the game. When I reached home plate there was a Secret Service man waiting for me. He took me over to President Eisenhower, who shook my hand."

After the introductions came the

continued



MANAGER VERNON WATCHES TEAM FOLD

BASEBALL CHANGES continued

President's throw (a distance record, said old hands) boomed the national anthem. Then a voice boomed out over the public-address system. "Ladies and gentlemen," it said, "here comes your New Frontier Senators." With that, nine players, unwanted by the rest of the American League last winter, charged out across the field to a pennant-winning roar.

Historians may wish to record that the first pitch of the expansion era was thrown by Dick Donovan of the Senators and was taken for a ball by Luis Aparicio of Chicago. (So were pitches two, three and four.) The first hit was made by the Senators' Coet Vea, a dribbler up the third-base line. Minutes later he scored the first run, drives home on a triple by Gene Woodling. When Willie Tauby dropped a simple fly ball in the fifth inning, it was the first error, for which Tauby received the first boo.

Washington should have won the first game, too, but it did not. Donovan, drafted from the White Sox, pitched with bitter determination, anxious to prove Chicago's mistake at letting him go. His teammates got

him an early lead, two runs in the first on Woodling's triple and another in the second to lead 3-1. Then, one by one, Chicago got the runs back as the Washington defense fell apart.

Pop flies dropped in front of Left Fielder Woodling for doubles in the second and third innings. The ground was soggy, making running difficult, but a faster man would have caught both. The first double didn't hurt, but the second cost a run. That made it 3-2. Donovan pitched superbly through the fourth, fifth and sixth, apparently unshaken when Tauby carelessly dropped the easy fly ball. Then, with one man out in the seventh, Jim Landis hit a long fly to left. Woodling moved back on his 38-year-old legs, turned one way and then the other. The ball fell over his head and Landis was at third with a triple. Donovan struck out his old catcher Sherm Lollar, and made pinch hitter Earl Torgerson ground a ball toward first base. But Dale Long hobbled the ball, sprawled after it and then threw it wildly to let in the tying run.

The White Sox won the game in the eighth. Donovan hit Minnie Minoso with a pitch, and when Minoso broke for second in an attempted steal, Catcher Pete Daley threw the ball into center field, allowing Minnie to reach third. He scored on a sacrifice fly and the White Sox won 4-3.

It was a hard defeat for the Senators to bear. No team likes to give away a game, and it is especially hard for a team that realizes victories may be scarce. The dressing room was somber. Dale Long sat on his stool and stared at the floor without moving for 10 minutes. Dick Donovan walked aimlessly about, like a man waiting for his wife. When someone offered him better luck next time, he almost spit in fury. Only Gene Woodling seemed to realize that life would go on. Asked about the shower of fly balls that dropped in his area, Woodling replied lightly, "I'll catch what I get to and what I don't get to I'll have to pick up off the ground, won't I?"

Mickory Vernon, his Lincoln-esque figure draped in a chair, said little, listening to reporters' questions as though they were posed by the Gestapo, pausing before answering to look for snarcs. A radio man asked him why he did not switch to his defensive players when he still had a

lead. Vernon murmured that both Long and Woodling were due to hit in the eighth. The radio man misinterpreted the answer, so Vernon explained it again. His face registered no annoyance, merely the resignation of a man who realized he would be doing a lot of explaining in the next six months.

The other expansion baby, the Los Angeles Angels, opened the season the next day in Baltimore, 40 miles to the northeast. It was a harsh, windy day, and the flags and orange-and-black bunting flapped wildly. Still, the mood was as merry as it had been in Washington the day before, although Baltimore's excitement was directed toward their old Orioles instead of the new Angels. Having cheered the Orioles to second place last year, Baltimore now wants a pennant. All over town, in store windows, hotel lobbies, restaurants, everywhere, signs proclaimed "It can be done in '61." Radio announcers identified their stations as, say, "WBAL, Baltimore, where it can be done in '61." The day before, a huge party had been given to launch the Orioles to a successful start. Pennant fever had hit town before the first game.

Taking batting practice, the Angels paid no attention to the signs, the hosts, the whistles, the blast of deafening music as the band played numbers like *It's a Great Day for the Orioles*. What they did mind was the wind.

"This is worse than Candlestick Park," said Manager Bill Ripkey. "Oh, for Palm Springs," a player said.

Ted Klusawski, forced to wear a long-sleeved sweat shirt over his muscular arms and hating it, drove a ball to deep right. It died in the gale and dropped short of the stands. "That's as good as I hit them," he said to Bob Cerv. "It's a long way out there today." Cerv nodded.

From the Oriole dugout, Brooks Robinson, Baltimore's fine third baseman, watched the Angels in practice. "They have good hitters," he said. "They may surprise a lot of people, maybe even themselves." Gus Triandos, the big catcher, agreed. "If this club gets hot, they could put a dent in anybody. We have to hope they don't get hot when we're playing them."

The Angels started as hot as they may get all season. In the first inning Klusawski drove another ball into

the wind, but this one carried into the stands for a two-run homer. Cerv shook his hand at home plate, and then hit a ball even farther over the fence in right center field. In the second inning Klinezewski hit another with two men on and the Angels had a 7-0 lead.

The game followed the same pattern as the one between the Senators and White Sox the day before. The Angels stopped scoring after the second inning and then began to fritter away runs. Eli Grba, a Yankee cast-off, pitched what should have been a shutout, but his defense was weak. Fritz Brickell, whose father had died two days before, booted a ground ball, then threw wild into right field, letting in one run. Ken Aspermyre, trying to complete a double play, threw the ball away, allowing another. But the Angels' lead was too large and Grba's new curve ball too

sharp ("Sam Jones showed me something"), and the Angels won 7-2.

If the Angels ever win the World Series, the dressing-room scene will be no wilder than it was after victory No. 1. Club Owner Gene Autry, dressed in a white cattleman's coat and a white cowboy hat, circled the room, shaking hands, back patting and booming. "Guess we won't lose them all," he yelled to Bill Rigney. Rigney beamed back. Eli Grba grabbed his catcher, Del Rice. "Fabulous, Del, just fabulous," Rice smiled. "You were terrific, Eli," he said.

"I guess this makes me a great manager," Rigney told reporters. He had batted Albie Pearson third, just before Klinezewski, and Pearson had gotten on base before each of Klinezewski's home runs. "If he doesn't get on I'm a bum," said Rigney. "But he does, so I'm great. Oh, we'll make runs this year. Those big guys will

do a job. We're not claiming anything, but we'll surprise. We'll show up. All the time."

Three days and two rain-canceled games later, Washington won its first game, beating Cleveland 3-2. Vernon moved Woodling to right field, where he had less ground to cover. He also moved Dale Long to the bench, where he had no ground to cover at all. Washington made only one error, and it was not damaging. A day later Los Angeles lost its first game, getting shut out by Boston 3-0. Klinezewski had no hits. Neither did Cerv.

So it was that after two games the new teams had experienced both victory and defeat. This put them in the same category with the Yankees and White Sox, the Indians and Tigers. It probably wouldn't last, but for the time, at least, the Senators and the Angels were right in the middle of the peasant race. **END**

DRESSED FOR THE RANGEL, ANGELS CLUB OWNER GENE AUTRY AMUSES PITCHERS CASALE (LEFT) AND GRBA AFTER OPENING WIN



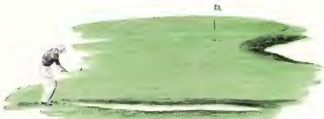
GARY PLAYER WAS TOUGHER

The Masters championship has always produced a high order of excitement and drama, especially in its closing moments. In 1957 Doug Ford holed out of a trap by the final green to win with a closing 66; Ford again, and Fred Hawkins, missed shortish putts on the last hole that

would have tied them with Arnold Palmer in 1958; Art Wall, scoring five birdies on the last six holes, won by a stroke in 1959; and last year Palmer's famous birdie-birdie finish edged him past a heartbroken Ken Venturi to victory by a stroke. The 1961 Masters, as hardly anybody need be re-

minded, was of a piece with these and all the other spirited finishes in golf.

The end came so suddenly and disastrously that it left the usually self-confident Palmer dazed and shaken, and it left a multitude of Palmer fans nearly as stunned as the defending champion. More happily the end



BEST SHOT of tournament was hit by Player on 9th hole (220 yards, par 3) during the second round. He exploded the ball from a tricky lie just outside a trap—it stopped five inches from the pin, which was 75 feet away.



VITAL BIRDIE by Player came on the third day at the first hole (100 yards, par 4), birdied earlier by Palmer. Player hit an eight-iron 12 feet from the cup, made the putt and set up brilliant round that gave him the lead.

THAN PALMER

South Africa's fast-talking Masters winner outshot a bold golfer at his own big game and captivated the galleries

by GWILYM BROWN

olated a wary, partially resigned Gary Player out of a mood of defeat into one of victorious, almost unbelieving ecstasy.

To millions of TV witnesses it must have seemed that with his horrifying double bogey Palmer simply threw the tournament away. It was not that

simple—and in fairness both to Player and to golfing history it must be said, emphatically, that Player won the Masters. It was Player, not Palmer, who proved he was best able to withstand the pressure of a rain-out, incomplete final round and to gather his energies for another tense

battle the following day. It was Player who was able to recover from a double bogey and a bogey on two vital holes near the end and finish with two courageous, scrambling pars. It was he, in fact, who came to the last day with a four-stroke lead he had built from an assortment of

continued



WITCHAMORE HOLE for Player was the 13th (435 yards, par 5) on the final day. Unable to move his huge gallery, and play to given via 14th fairway, he hit out onto the 13th, hooked his shot into a creek and made double-bogey 7.



CRUCIAL TRAP bordering 15th green forced approach shots of Palmer and Player on final day. Player blasted out successfully, sank six-foot putt for a par. From almost same spot, Palmer overshot on his way to a double bogey.

brilliantly hit shots and brilliantly played holes. The lead proved too big for even the resolute Arnold Palmer to overcome.

Watching Player at the Masters, one was constantly reminded of Palmer. Like Palmer, he is a bold, aggressive golfer who enjoys attacking a golf course. This attitude is evident even as he settles into his stance: his feet shift restlessly until they have established solid balance and purchase in the turf; his arms make a straight, determined line down through the club; his jaw has a straight, determined thrust as he starts his swing. It is obvious that he is going to hit the ball just as hard as he possibly can. When flawlessly executed, as it often was during the five days of play on the long and difficult Augusta National, this kind of golf becomes a tremendously exciting thing to watch. Even on the final round where another golfer with a four-strokes lead might easily have tried a more protective, conservative approach, Player stuck to his style of play and won the admiration of the galleries.

Player's uninhibited exuberance washes over into his conversation. Even in front of large groups of people he chatters freely, and with no trace of false modesty, about himself or his golf. The morning following the tournament he was calm and relaxed for the first time in a week and ready to discuss in detail the shots and the holes that had been most vital in making him the first foreign golfer ever to win the Masters.

"I can still hardly believe I won it, it all happened so suddenly," Player said, sitting in the cluttered, pine-paneled living room of the house he had rented in Augusta for himself, his wife Vivienne and their two small children. "But I had to hit some pretty good shots in that tournament to do it."

Many of the people who saw it will always claim that the four-wood Player hit out of the pine trees to par the 9th hole on the third day (51, April 17) was his finest shot of the tournament. Player agrees that this was a first-class shot, but he does not rate it his best.

"My best single shot of the tournament—and I really mean this sincerely," he said. "My best shot of the

whole, entire tournament was the wedge shot I hit on the 4th hole during the second day."

The 4th hole at Augusta is a long par 3, 220 yards, with a sloping green fronted by a steep, gaping trap and flanked by another trap on the left. The hole is made difficult not only by its great length, but by the constantly shifting wind that makes the confident choice of a club difficult. A shot hit with too much club could sail right out of bounds over the right side. Too little club and the ball is likely to plunge straight into the fronting trap. Player had started the second round one stroke behind Palmer and Bob Rosburg and was one under par as he stood on the 4th tee.

"I hit a four-wood from the tee," he said, "but I hadn't counted on such a strong right-to-left wind and my ball ended just above the trap on the left of the green. It wasn't in the trap, but it was sitting up on some sand and high grass and the pin must have been about 75 feet away. I didn't know whether to chip it up toward the hole or explode it like a trap shot. I finally decided to explode the ball and play for a bogey. I hit a beauty, if I do say so myself, and the ball stopped this far away." Player held up his right thumb and forefinger to indicate about five inches. By the end of the day it was quite a vital five inches. Player walked with Palmer at 187 for a halfway lead.

The following afternoon Palmer started out 85 minutes ahead of Player and birdied the first two holes. The gallery was immense, maybe 35,000, and Palmer might have won the tournament right there if his pursuer had been a less determined golfer than Gary Player proved to be.

"Look at this," Player said and held out a small scrap of paper on which he had penciled the hole-by-hole recap of his four rounds to refresh his memory. "During the four days I had six birdies on the first two holes. This was certainly a key part of my winning. You start off like that and you're in a good position, a good frame of mind to play the rest of the round. Take Saturday for instance. There I am out on the putting green waiting to tee off and looking at the scoreboard. Arnold starts out 3-4; birdies on the first two holes. Why, I'm shocked, I'm frightened stiff. Suddenly he's two shots ahead of me in the tournament."

If Player was scared it was not apparent to the huge crowd that surrounded the first tee. The first hole at Augusta is 400 yards long and a difficult one to birdie, especially when the pin is placed on the ridge directly behind the trap on the left. Player aimed his tee shot right up the middle and hit it as hard as he could.

"I had only an eight-iron to the green," he continued. "The pin was on the left side of the green and as I hit the ball my only thought was to knock it right into the hole. I aimed the shot about 15 feet to the right of the pin, so as to avoid the trap on the left, and brought it in just a little. When the ball stopped the people around the green applauded very kindly and I knew the shot had been a good one."

Player had been left with an uphill putt of 12 feet and again his only thought was to hit it straight into the hole. He played it four inches to the right and hit it firmly. The monstrous roar from the gallery told anyone who could not see the ball drop that Player was acting rather peculiarly for a man who was frightened stiff. He had his birdie, and on the second hole he had his second birdie.

"After Arnold's 3-4," Player said, "I guess I thought I'd just chop it in there 3-4 myself. It was a wonderful feeling to get those shots back so fast."

A quick recovery

Player dropped them and one more in the back nine with three straight bogeys, but two quick birdies on the 15th and 16th testified to the determination of this little South African. He finished the day four strokes ahead of Palmer, who had shot a 73.

On Monday, following a very tough 11 holes during Sunday's washed-out rounds, Player started out once again with birdies on the first two holes and coming to the 13th was still two shots ahead of the fast-closing Palmer.

"I'll have nightmares about the 13th hole for the rest of my life," Player says. He should—and he has company. The 13th is an intriguing par 3, bordered and crossed by Rae's Creek, which offers tremendous temptation to the golfer willing to gamble. Amateur Billy Patton lost the 1954 Masters on the 13th when he gambled on the final day and took a 7. Palmer won the 1958 Masters on

continued



"Common Riding"—polo is still played in Scotland and it is important to many people as a symbol of the historic connection between Scotland and England.

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It originates in the House of James Watson & Co., Glasgow, Scotland, and is a blend of the finest Scotch Whiskies.

12
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Left: Members of the Jantzen International Sports Club "Hawaiian Village" Expedition in the Jantzen lineup of superb sportswear Bob Cousy, Ken Venturi, Frank Gifford, Warren Miller, Bud Palmer. Tom Kelley took all expedition photos, including this one. Jantzen Inc., Portland 8, Oregon

the same hole when he took a calculated risk on the final day and scored an eagle 3.

Player hit his drive off the 13th tee deep into the trees lining the right side of the fairway. Even so he had a clear shot out onto the adjoining 14th fairway. He could have played from there to the 13th green, according to Player, with a seven- or eight-iron. After anxiously checking over the situation, Player instructed the marshals to swing back the gallery, pucked six deep along the right side of the 13th, to give him a clear shot into the 14th. This proved to be a sluggish and frustrating operation. Player kept pleading with the crowd to move back, but it was too large and unyielding. After several minutes in which no progress had been made, he gave up in despair and looked to the 13th as his escape route.

Impatient to a fault

"I should have just sat down and waited, an hour if necessary, until the gallery had been cleared," Player said. "I couldn't really blame the crowds, but it gave me a terrible feeling, playing the last few holes, to think that I might be losing the tournament simply because I didn't have the patience to play the shot I wanted to play. If it had been an earlier round I probably would have waited for the gallery to get clear, but my four-stroke lead was being cut and I was too excited and worried about the delay to think clearly."

Player finally tried to smash the ball out of the woods and onto the 13th fairway with a two-iron. Even under ideal circumstances this is a difficult club to use, and here Player's lie was not a good one. The ball hooked sharply to the left and caromed into the creek that borders the 13th hole on the left. It cost Player a penalty stroke to lift out. He then hit a three-iron to the back edge of the green and proceeded to three-putt from 35 feet for a double-bogey 7. The four-stroke lead Player had carried into the final round was completely gone.

If Player's courage and ability to play golf under extreme pressure were in question after his disastrous 13th, there could have been no question about them when he had finished the 18th. "There are times in a

tournament," as Bobby Jones said during the presentation ceremonies, "when a man thinks he's never going to play another hole in par." But after bogeying the 15th to fall one stroke behind Palmer, Player picked up a regulation par on the short 16th, then fought and won two nerve-pars on the 17th and 18th.

"There's no doubt about the importance of those pars," Player said, continuing his analysis and frowning thoughtfully. "Those were damned good pars. I hit a nine-iron down over the 17th green and had a helluva tough chip coming back. Then I sank a 12-foot putt. Getting down in two from the back of that green was hard to believe. On the 18th I hit a really rotten drive and had a four-iron to the green. I tried to hook the shot in, but it went dead straight instead and into that trap on the right. I played a helluva trap shot out of there." He paused and smiled for a moment, thinking about the shot. "I don't even remember how long the putt was," he continued. "I hardly knew what I was doing. But I guess it was from here to the base of that lamp. That looks like about six feet."

"After going seven-four-six on the 13th, 14th and 15th holes I was feeling pretty disheartened," Player admitted. "But I still felt I had a chance to win. I'd finished with three pars and I felt pretty good about that. There's no hole on that course you can't double bogey. Palmer still had to get those pars to beat me and the only time you win is when the ball goes into the hole."

Palmer's collapse seemed inexplicable to the people who saw nothing but a steady succession of pars coming up on the scoreboard as he played down the stretch. But it may have been building up for two days. A great deal had been drained out of Palmer when he had been forced to whittle away at Player's lead on two consecutive days. After three birdies on the front nine, the signs began to show on the last few holes. Along the sidelines observers who had watched Palmer come from behind to win last year's Masters and had seen him come charging up to win last summer's U.S. Open with a final-round 65, commented on the singular lack of vigor in Palmer's play. He missed birdie putts of 10 feet or under on four of the five holes immediately preceding the 18th. His amateur playing part-

ner, Charley Coe, net a particularly long hitter, had driven equal to him on 14 and 17 and had outdriven him cleanly on 15 and 18. Palmer was hitting the ball straight enough but it was not ripping off the clubhouse with the familiar Palmer gusto. His shots appeared almost to have been thrown out ahead by a one-armed outfielder. Missing also was the broad, confident Palmer smile and his habit of hitching up his pants, both indications that Palmer thinks things are going well. He was tired and tense from two days of high-pressure golf and this all came disastrously into view on the very final hole.

Player was troubled, too

But Player had been under tremendous pressure too, possibly even more. As many a disheartened tournament golfer will readily admit, it is a hard assignment to keep the lead in the last round when Arnold Palmer is behind you scoring birdies. Gary Player's survival says more clearly than even he can tell you what a very good and very tough golfer he is. END



PLAYER AND GADSDEN LINE UP CRUCIAL PUTT





Picnic on the Half-shell

Some hardened sailors muttered that last week's Miami-to-Nassau powerboat race was nothing but a picnic, and maybe it was (see page 55). But for Miami's Hal Bever and his 18½-foot outboard, it was a picnic with too many showers. Shooting over the water at close to 35 mph, Bever's lightweight SMX-2 runabout at one point dived headlong into a swell. The scallop-shell effect was picturesque, all right, but such spectacular dramatics did nothing for Bever's time. His boat finished seventh in her class, 15th in the over-all field, and three hours behind the winner.

Photograph by Bill Mangoni

A Feud and a Fugitive

Like any sensible outsider, National Hockey League Referee Frank Udvari knows that it's best to keep clear of a family fight. One night last week during a furious set-to between Jim Norrie's Chicago Black Hawks and his brother Bruce's Detroit Red Wings, this year's Stanley Cup finalists, Udvari found the ice too hot for a stranger and took prudent refuge on top of the boards (striped shirt, right). The Detroit team went on to win this particular round of the family quarrel to tie the playoffs at 2-2 but at week's end the best-of-seven series had been taken by the Hawks.

Photograph by Dick Tracy





A FEW QUESTIONS FOR A POODLE NAMED PEG



PORTRAIT OF PEG shows her with one of the numbered cards with which the solver problems in arithmetic. Her training began when she was 2, was completed in a year and a half.

The author of this story, the youngest daughter of the late and great novelist Thomas Mann and the widow of the noted philosopher Giuseppe Antonio Borgese, is herself famous as a writer of essays and short stories and as a teacher at the University of Florence. Her latest book, on thinking animals, is now in preparation; it was stimulated by the experience she describes here. With *Memo. Borgese*, the editors hope that the remarkable poodle Peg may someday be examined on an objective scientific basis.

by ELISABETH MANN BORGESE

I n 1959 I was living in the hills above Florence, with my hand on the pulse of Italian culture and intelligence. Preparing an anthology on contemporary Italian arts and letters, I had to scan attentively the daily press, the numerous weeklies, the manifold reviews and magazines, readings that were both stimulating and absorbing. But there was one item of information, wedging its way from the back pages of the provincial papers to the headlines of the big national press, that all but distracted me from my dedication to Italian humanity. For the protagonist was not Italian, but French, and a poodle at that.

FRENCH POODLE INTERESTING BERGAMO AUDIENCE BY SOLVING ARITHMETIC PROBLEMS AND SPELLING ANSWERS TO DIVERSE QUESTIONS. . . . PROGRESS OF STUDIES OF PRODIGIOUS ANIMAL AMAZES MEAN AUDIENCE. . . . WONDER DOG APPEARS AT GALA AFTERNOON TO RAISE FUNDS FOR REBUILDING OF BURNED CAT AVELLINO. Under such and similar headings, journalists, well-known authors,

philosophers and psychologists reassured their bewilderment at what they had witnessed: a dog's achievements in the three Rs: a dog's rendering, in correctly spelled human words, of an amazing amount of learned information, of common sense, of humor, of affection.

I realized, of course, that the case, though rare, was not unique. Other animals—dogs, horses, even cats—have made headlines, have inspired entire books, with their presumed feats in reading and spelling, in human reasoning and in advanced arithmetic. But when separated from their masters, when subjected to rigorous scientific tests, these animals usually had failed. In practically all cases, some system, however subtle, of communication between trainer and animal had been discovered, and the animal's "science" had been unmasked as a result of conscious or unconscious fraud.

On the other hand, having lived all my life with dogs, I have often had occasion to wonder at their intelligence. I was anxious to see for myself, and when it turned out that the wondrous headline-making poodle actually belonged to a friend of a friend of mine, I could no longer resist. I interrupted my work, picked up my two dog-loving daughters and my two dog-loving Swiss nephews and drove up to Chiari, near Brescia in the north of Italy, the poodle's residence. The following report is absolutely faithful, adds nothing, withholds nothing. It is based on the notes I took at Chiari, and on the tape on which I recorded interviews with the trainer, Mrs. Ines Girelano Corridori, as well as the meaningful barks of Peg the poodle.

"So you are my guests"

Peg lives in an old Victorian villa with turrets and bulging bay windows. Entering the villa through a friendly flower garden, we found ourselves in an ample lobby, whose high ceiling was sustained by fluted columns. Crisp white curtains and flower boxes and indoor shrubs enhanced the otherwise solemn atmosphere. A lofty cage, with a parrot in it, was fastened to one of the columns. A cat rubbed her arched back against the foot of another column, and through an open door a Bedlington terrier came trotting up to us and sniffed. A wide

marble staircase led from the left of the lobby up to the next floor.

We were halfway up the stairs, in the enchanted silence of this afternoon, when we met the wonder dog who had come down from her apartment to greet us. *L'opris-est! d'un chien*. She walked toward us, then sat down on a step, wagging her short tail. Peg is a medium-sized French poodle, black with some gray, and a white marking on her chest. Her movements are graceful; quick without being impetuous, cordial without being intrusive. Her well-groomed poodle cut gives off a pleasantly clean smell, almost perfumed—the aroma of an excellent dog shampoo. But the most remarkable thing about Peggy is the expression of her eyes. She looked at us, mastered us, one after the other, and her eyes seemed to say, "So you are my guests today; I need not tell you that my name is Peg." "Peggy," we tried to say nonchalantly, the way one talks to dogs. We caressed her head. "Can you smell our doggies?" But Peg does not give a hoot for smells, especially not for doggy smells. And the caress seemed indirect somehow, out of place.

Uptown, Mrs. Corridori was waiting to receive us: a stately blonde with intelligent and imposing features, and with a natural dignity that would make anybody "behave" in her presence. She wore a simple black dress, with an unbuttoned wool jacket over it.

"So Peg has introduced herself," she said. "Come right in." And she led us to a spacious room in the rear of the house, which evidently served as the family's dining room. The far end of the room, to which she asked each of us to carry a chair, was Peg's playroom and study. To the right there was a blackboard with some pieces of chalk; to the left, a sort of alcove with large colored beads. In between lay a rug on which Peg was invited to sit down.

"Did you have a good trip?" Mrs. Corridori asked. "When did you leave Florence? Are you going back tonight? Oh, you are going on to Turin. . ."

In the meantime, a gentleman arrived, our hostess' cousin, and another lady, a friend of the family, with her little daughter and another dog named Pinchi. To our astonishment, Peg, far from greeting Pinchi either cordially or jealously, completely snubbed her. Mrs.

Corridori later told us that she has always been very distant with other canines, never sniffing about or being familiar in any way. She has never had occasion to bear puppies.

Peggy's audience thus consisted of nine human beings (including Mrs. Corridori) plus Pinchi. We humans were all seated on dining-room chairs with our backs toward the big table, and Peg's playroom in front of us.

"Come here now, Peg," Mrs. Corridori said, "and sitze carefully."

Peg got up, obediently trotted over to her mistress, and sat down in front of her, with a most attentive look on her face.

"How many people are there in this room?" Mrs. Corridori enunciated with great clarity, stressing the key words much as one would do in talking to a small child.

Peggy, without hesitation, barked nine times. Mrs. Corridori rewarded her with a small bite of cookie. Then she paused to think of another question.

"Peggy, look carefully. How many of these people are wearing closed shoes, and how many are wearing sandals? How many pairs of sandals do you see?"

Peg barked four times. The answer was correct, and Peg was rewarded with another bite of cookie.

By the numbers

Mrs. Corridori now took up a handful of cards, of identical size and form, and spread them on the floor before the dog. Each card bore a big black figure, one each from 1 to 9, and another for 0. The cards were inserted in transparent plastic envelopes with a loop of ribbon at one end, so that Peg could pick them up conveniently without spoiling the card.

"Will you give Peg any problem you like," Mrs. Corridori invited us. "An addition or a subtraction, multiplication or division, or a square root, involving three-digit numbers? Peg will 'write' the answer for you."

I asked Peg: "How much is three times 15?"

Peg did not hesitate. She pounced happily upon the cards, which slid around under the impact of her paws, gripped in her teeth the ribbon of the 4 card, lifted it up. With an air of triumph she trotted past her audience, showing the number to each of us in

continued

turn. Then she consigned it to Mrs. Corridori, who seemed to be paying no attention to what the dog was doing. Mrs. Corridori quietly tossed the card back into the burlap in case Peggy should need it again in the rest of her answer. Without losing a moment, Peg repeated the operation, picking up this time the figure 5 and thus composing the number 45. Everyone in the little audience expressed his approval, and Peg was rewarded with another bit of cookie.

Mrs. Corridori invited each of her guests in turn to address problems to the dog, and each of the children did: 397 plus 264; 502 minus 33; 312 times 3; 487 divided by 4 (Peggy produced the answer in the form of 1, 2, 1, and then a separate 3 as a remainder!); the square root of 225. Peggy did not seem to have the slightest difficulty; happily she did and pounced among the cards and produced the correct answer.

The next item on the program was the spelling out of answers. Mrs. Corridori spread another set of cards on the floor: made just like the former ones, except that each of these cards bore a letter of the alphabet. The cards were laid out somewhat as on the keyboard of a typewriter, in an order explained below. But this order did not last long. After the first two or three answers, Peggy, slithering and sliding and nosing them about, got it utterly undone. This, however, did not bother her in the least. She hunted for and picked up each letter with the utmost sureness of choice, no matter where it happened to lie.

"Do you remember this lady's name, Peg?" Mrs. Corridori asked. Peggy barked three times, which is her way of saying "yes." Two barks mean "no."

"Then write it for us, please."

Peggy composed "BORISKE." She even spelled it correctly, which very few humans are able to do.

"While we were talking, did you hear where these people are from?"

Peggy wrote "FIRENZE."

"In what region is Florence?"

Peggy spelled out "TOSCANA."

"Did you hear where they are going from here?"

"TORINO."

While watching Peggy's mysterious doings, I did not lose sight of her mistress. I looked everywhere for signals: her posture, limb position, gestures: her fingers, the blinking of her eyelids; her respiration; above all, any possible variation in her manner of tossing a used letter back



PEGGY IN ACTION solves problems on chalkboard while her owner, Mrs. Joe Corridori, looks on encouragingly. She answers questions with help of letter cards.

into the setup. I could not detect anything remotely resembling a signaling system.

The examination passed to other countries, other topics. Peg, on request, provided the capitals of France, Spain and Romania. She barked "no" to the King of Italy, and explained by forming the word "MORTUURICA"; asked the name of its President, she spelled out "GASCEVIC." Did she know also the name of the President of the United States? Three barks. But they sounded tired now, and plaintive—something between a bark and a short howl or sob.

"Write it, please."

How to spell his

In her best Italian phonetics, Peggy spelled "ABBAJAK."

By now she was so visibly tired and listless that it was time to have an intermission.

While Peg was resting, Mrs. Corridori told us her story and explained the dog's course of study and the teaching methods used. When Peg arrived at the Corridori mansion she was a woolly puppy of two months. It did not take long for the

family to become aware of the new-comer's extraordinary intelligence. She was clean and bright and quick-witted as no Corridori dog had ever been before. It was as if she understood everything that was said within earshot.

"Formal" schooling began when Peg was 2 years old. The first thing she learned was to bark three times to say "yes" and two times to say "no." That was easy. It took her only twenty minutes to learn it.

Arithmetic lessons started the next day. Mrs. Corridori invented her own method of teaching as she went along. "Peg," she started out, "here is one piece of cookie and there is one piece of cookie. One and one makes two pieces of cookie. If you tell me how much is one plus one, you may eat the cookie." Finally, after repeated efforts—woof woof!—and Peg ate the cookie.

Additions and subtractions, once started, went rapidly. Mrs. Corridori told us, and after three months Peg began to give the right answers to problems in multiplication—the way she was taught suggesting that she was probably doing it, not by true multiplication, but

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by repeated lightning additions of the number to itself. (She cannot do "long" multiplications.)

It was at about that time that Mrs. Corridori introduced Peg to the letters of the alphabet. She threw on the floor a card with a big black A on it.

"Peg, this is an A," she said. "Will you bring me the A?" Peg fetched, and deposited the letter in her mistress's hand.

"Now look carefully, Peg, this is a B [Mrs. Corridori made it a voiced bilabial stop with no following vowel sound]. Now go fetch the B. Now fetch the A. Now fetch the B."

This too proved to be easy. Mrs. Corridori told us.

The next step was to put together B and A into BA or into AB, and to distinguish these two syllables by the order of bringing the cards. Peg was rewarded with an extra-sized cookie when she could do so without fail.

One by one, other letters were added, pronounced, explained and associated by means of familiar words. The dog was trained to spell her own name PEG and that of her beloved teacher ISAS. What with AS, MS and MS, the dog had learned to recognize from their spoken sounds the following letters:

NBI S
GAEP

—and this was the order the letters were to maintain on Peg's "keyboard." New words were steadily added—like CAME (dog) and GATTO (cat)—until within a few months' time Peg had mastered the Italian alphabet of common usage, with the exception of the Q, which confused her. The final keyboard was as follows:

NBI SOL VZH
GAEP CRTM FDU

For months, Mrs. Corridori told us, she concentrated on the extension of Peggy's vocabulary. In this process she also relied on "visual aid": that is, she began to use in her lessons simple illustrated children's books that presented, in realistic design and strong, clear images, domestic animals, birds and wild beasts, fruits and flowers, and the common objects surrounding this uncommon student. Peg learned, Mrs. Corridori explained, to associate each picture with its carefully enunciated name (many of the names, of course, she knew already) and then to spell it out. Once this triple association was well established in Peggy's memory, Mrs. Corridori removed

the middle point of pronouncing the word, so that Peg was making the direct association between the picture and the forming of the word with the alphabet cards.

The lessons lasted, on the average, 20 minutes; sometimes, when Peg felt particularly interested and nosy, they lasted as much as half an hour. At other times, the dog, instead of answering a given question, proceeded to write—as her mistress had suggested to her on one occasion when she suspected the condition—"PEG STANCA [Peg tired]" or "MAL DE CAPO [headache]," and then the lessons were interrupted. They were such a strain of concentration that it was possible to hold only one session a day. After a year and a half, Mrs. Corridori explained, she felt that Peg had completed her course of studies and reached her present level of intellectual development.

When Peg was readmitted to the conversation, we were asked to direct some general questions to the dog—anything we liked.

"Are other dogs able to understand human beings?" I asked. Three barks—"Yes." "Do they understand just a little bit or a whole lot?" "TUTTO [everything]." "Why then are not all dogs able to learn to write like Peg?" "SÌ [sure]." "Do they understand one another?" Three barks. "How?" "VISO MOVIMENTO [visual lively movements of the ears]." "Do you like music?" Three barks. "Pop songs?" Two barks. "Symphonic music?" Three barks. (There is a strange coincidence between Peg's taste and Mrs. Corridori's.) "Do you like children?" Three barks. "Why?" "I SOLI MENO [among human beings they are the only good ones]." It happens that Mrs. Corridori is somewhat misanthropic herself.

"Which do you like better, human beings or dogs?"

Some questions are boring

Here Peggy's face took on a bored look. She did not bother to answer. Prompted by Mrs. Corridori with good words and several bits of cookie, she finally spelled out "IOK NETTO [already said; I answered that one before]." This was rather intriguing.

"A journalist asked her the same question a couple of days ago," Mrs. Corridori explained. "and she answered it at that time. But Peggy," she went on, turning to the dog, "this lady was not here when you 'said it already,' so would you be kind enough to say it again?"

After swallowing another bite of cook-

ie, Peg scribbled about and wrote "ISAS."

Isas smiled: she is used to this sort of declaration of love. But now she did not want any of that. She pointed out that the answer was inconclusive, that we all knew that Peggy loves Isas; but what we wanted to know was whether she preferred the company of dogs, in general, or that of human beings, in general.

Peg finally got down to the job of spelling out "UOMINI [human beings]." She was, in fact, in such a hurry that instead of the final I, she got the neighboring letter B—thus composing "UOMINI" —and this confusion got her further confounded and caused her to stamp about frantically among the letters, picking them up at random and carrying them to her mistress who tried to calm and to stop her.

I began to feel a little frightened for her. Was she going out of her wits? Was her system crumbling? Or was she perhaps trying to spell out something that none of us understood?

The confusion lasted but a few seconds. Then Peg was once more her calm, well-mannered and sweet-tempered self.

"Does anyone happen to have a newspaper?" Mrs. Corridori asked. One of us had that day's *Corriere Milanese*. The paper was placed before Peg.

"Look here," Mrs. Corridori told the dog, pointing to the paper's name in big capitals, without herself pronouncing it. "What does this mean?"

Peg looked at the word, then, without wasting a second, composed "OR SELANO [from Milan]." She can distinguish only capitals, like those on her spelling cards. This restricts her reading of the newspapers to the headlines—which nowadays is often quite enough.

The meeting had grown more and more spellbinding. So I took my ultimate courage into my hands and, "Peg," I asked, "Peg, do you believe in God?"

Three barks.

"But what is God?"

"CREA [He creates]," she spelled out.

"He creates what?" I insisted.

"TUTTO [everything]."

We looked at one another.

"She must have picked that up while the children were reciting the answers out loud in their catechism study."

The statement never sounded so plausible as from the mouth of this wise dog.

The visit to Chiari left me deeply disturbed. It seemed impossible to doubt what I had seen with my own eyes, controlled so closely and so directly. It seemed equally impossible, on the other hand, to dismiss the objections of so

continued on page 59

RIDING DOWN THE WIND

by **MORT LUND** with **GEORGE O'DAY**

Drawings by Tony Baricelli

Three weeks ago on these pages, Olympic Yachting Champion George O'Day introduced the art of planing, in which light, flat-bottomed boats like the 5-8-8 (below) can be made to rise onto the surface of the water and skim along at triple the speed of conventional craft. Now O'Day, with his Olympic crewman Dave Smith, shows how to get even more speed out of a planing hull, first by wave riding and then by setting and handling a spinnaker. These advanced maneuvers are used only in downwind sailing, and require a more sensitive touch than the basic lessons of Part I, where the wind was coming from broadside or slightly ahead.

In the lakes and bays where planing boats usually are sailed, the waves tend to be short and choppy like the ones shown here. Unfortunately, these are the hardest to ride, since they lack power and hence cannot carry the boat any great distances or lift its speed more than three to four mph. Nevertheless, such waves, if ridden properly, can mean a gain of a few yards; and

1 As wave approaches from left, O'Day pulls tiller to start stern swinging into wave.



over the full course of a race, these yards can add up to victory. O'Day is particularly skillful at handling a boat in a choppy sea. As each wave approaches, he catches the crest, holds it for a moment, then drops off again, ready for the next one. So quickly do O'Day and Smith manipulate the tiller and sails that the entire sequence shown here takes no more than 10 seconds.

In a larger sea with more carrying power, the jobs of both the skipper and crew are much easier. The sequence can last for half a minute or more; and if the wind is blowing hard enough, a well-balanced boat can hold onto a crest for nearly a quarter of a mile, skidding down the face of the wave at 15 to 20 mph. A planing ride at these speeds is unlike anything else in small-boat racing. A flat wake blows out astern as the boat surges forward with such steady power that she seems to be riding on steel rails. One false swing of the tiller, however, and this exhilarating charge downward can come to a sudden, wet halt (see pages 30-31).

3 When crest reaches middle of hull, men pull hard on sails for added speed.



2 With boat's stern toward crest, Smith and O'Day start sail, get ready to hike out.



WAVES FROM THE SIDE

The first move in riding waves that come from the side (as shown here) is an abrupt turn to swing the broad stern of the boat into the crest. When the wave hits, the stern rises and the hull gathers speed as it starts to run down the front of the swell. To stay on the wave as long as possible, Smith and O'Day pump the sails in hard, and lean (hike) well out on the windward side, keeping their balance by tucking their toes under the canvas hiking straps, just as they did in the first planing demonstration in Part I.



RIDING WAVES. Boat turns 30° off course in order to catch swell.

CONTINUED



1 Between waves, boat planes along at 16 miles per hour. O'Day and Smith sit quietly in cockpit, ready to let out mainmast.



2 As crest, traveling now at 15 miles per hour, O'Day turns slightly off the wind as both men slide their weight forward.

SHIFTING Back and forth in cockpit, crewmen keep weight over peak of wave.

WAVES FROM THE STERN

When the swells are coming in from behind, there is no need to make a violent change of course since both the boat and the wave system are going in the same general direction. However, when the first crest moves under the boat, the skipper should turn slightly off course in a gentle, even curve to keep the wind flowing into the sails at the best angle. Veering off like this also prolongs the ride by sending the hull slanting across the face of the wave rather than straight down it. Although the maneuvering of the boat in this situation is comparatively simple, the men aboard must be careful to keep their weight directly over the crest so the boat balances properly throughout the ride. This means they must slide forward and then backward inside the cockpit as the wave surges past. The movements of both crewmen must be smooth and steady, and their timing precise. Otherwise, the boat will wobble down into the trough, losing as much as 50% of its speed, and perhaps the race.

3 Hanging on as crest starts to leave, O'Day gives 5-6-5 last burst of speed by quickly trimming both mainmast and jib.

4 Back in trough again, both men shift toward the rear of the cockpit as their boat returns to normal planing speed.



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Gilbey's Gin

PLANING WITH A SPINNAKER

The spinnaker (right) is a powerful, full-bellied sail set before the mast to give extra speed going with the wind. Sailors of heavy conventional boats use spinnakers on virtually all downwind runs; but planing skippers use them less often for two reasons. First, the sail is so big that it can overpower a sensitive boat like the 5-6-5 when the wind freshens. Second, by tacking (e.g., zigzagging downwind), catching the waves and keeping the boat planing, a skipper like O'Day can often reach the finish line faster using a small jib than he would sailing a straight course under a spinnaker. In light and medium winds, however, O'Day finds that to keep the boat moving he must drop his jib and set the big sail. And in very light air he has to pump the spinnaker (below) to get the 5-6-5 up onto the surface where it can plane.



TECHNIQUE OF SETTING spinnaker is same for planing boat as it is for any small craft (28, March 2, 1968). When wind strikes, sail spreads out and tends to lift upward. As spinnaker rises, Smith and O'Day pull back on lines, stretching sail so it catches as much air as possible. Going directly before wind takes men balance boat by sitting on opposite sides of mast, swinging tiller constantly to meet subtle wind shifts, but moving sheets as little as possible to avoid spilling air from sail. When breeze moves decisively to one side, however, crewmen shift to windward (left) and trim spinnaker so that it stays full. Then if boat drops below planing speed, O'Day gets it moving again by pulling back hard on one corner of spinnaker. This quick pumping action gives the sail added lift, in same way small boy gets kite to fly higher by tugging on string.

CONTINUED



Knocked down by sudden gust, O'Day and Smith are already on high side of hull, ready to climb onto centerboard below, right.



1 Gust and sail begin to take out of water as both men put their full weight onto the centerboard.



2 Hull recovered from knock-down, O'Day starts back into boat; Smith stays on centerboard.



3 O'Day clambers into cockpit while Smith, still hidden behind hull, continues to pull downward.

SAILING OUT OF A CAPSIZE

No matter how good he is, sooner or later anyone who goes out in a sailboat turns over. But in a planing hull, a capsize does not mean the end of the race. Practically all planing boats have built-in flotation tanks, and since the hulls weigh so little, they float high in the water, even when swamped. If the crewmen learn to move fast enough, they can get their craft upright without dropping too far behind in the fleet. At left, the 5-0-5 has just gone over. As water pours into the cockpit, O'Day and Smith scramble to the high side to keep the mast from going under. Then they quickly pull the boat back on her feet, trim the sails, and by opening the trap-door bailers (below), have the 5-0-5 up and planing less than 30 seconds after she went over. **END**



ON THE CENTERBOARD. Smith braces hard to pull hull upright.

BAILERS OPEN



BAILERS CLOSED



4 Once afloat, O'Day moves to far side of cockpit to balance hull while Smith checks over gunwale.



5 Sails trimmed and bailers open, 5-0-5 drains herself dry as she quickly goes up to planing speed.

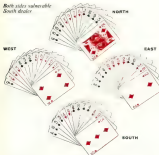


CHARLES GOREN / Cards

Two artful Texans

This week bridge teams from Argentina, France, Italy and the U.S. will meet in Buenos Aires for the world championship. Four of the Americans—Howard Schenken, Sidney Sikder, Norman Kay and Peter Leventritt have opposed the other teams in international play before. The other two Americans, John Gerber of Houston and Paul Hodge of Abilene, Texas, are newcomers to the international field but are already well known in the bridge world. Gerber is the originator of the four-club convention, widely used today (particularly in no trump bids), that shows aces in the Blackwood manner. Now he and Hodge are working on bidding variations that they hope will act as an antidote to the distinctly artificial flavoring of Italian bidding. I am not sure they will succeed, but the following hand demonstrates a universally accepted bidding convention the Texans used in a practice match before leaving for Argentina.

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH (Gerber)	WEST	NORTH (Hodge)	EAST
1 NT	PASS	3♣	PASS
3♣	PASS	4♣	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: 6 of diamonds

Gerber and Hodge employed this artificial two-club convention in response to an opening no-trump bid. Their object was to arrive at a reasonable game contract in spades. A perfect defense would have given them considerable trouble, but fortune smiled on the Texan pair and Gerber got away with his enterprising commitment.

Hodge's two-club bid asked his partner to show a four-card major, which Gerber dutifully did. North raised directly to four spades. With his holding, he was quite justified in expecting to produce a game, especially with Gerber at the controls. Hodge's hand had the textbook valuation of 12 points in support of a spade contract.

Dummy's king won the first diamond lead, and the deuce of spades was led. If East had put in the spade jack he would have been well on his way to setting the contract, but with no knowledge of the quality of South's spades it was reasonable for him to play low. After all, West might have held the singleton 10 of spades.

However, it was Gerber who won the trick with that card, and he did not fail to note the fall of West's 9. This was a warning of the adverse distribution. Abandoning the trumps at once, declarer cashed the ace-queen of hearts and the ace of diamonds. Next he trumped a diamond in dummy, cashed the king of hearts, discarding a club, and led dummy's last heart, trumping with the J of spades.

At this stage each hand had been reduced to five cards:

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
♠ Q 8	♠ K J T	♠ A 5	♠ —
♥ —	♥ —	♥ —	♥ —
♦ —	♦ —	♦ —	♦ 10
♣ J 10 9	♣ A 6	♣ Q 8 7	♣ K 3 2

Gerber exited from his hand with a club. The defenders could take the two high clubs and one trump trick, but sooner or later East would have to lead away from his king of spades, giving declarer two more trump tricks and the game.

EXTRA TRICK

Watch the spots on the cards played by your opponents. Since defenders must be careful about false-carding lest they fool their partners, their plays are usually trustworthy. And sometimes, as in the hand described here, the size of the card (which can be presumed to have been played honestly) is conclusive evidence of adverse distribution.

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'Moppie' in the money

The start of the Miami-Nassau motorboat race last week brought out the strongest collection of power craft ever assembled for one event. Souped-up fishing boats, cabin cruisers, inboards and outboards, catamarans and trimarans growled their impatience to begin the long dash across the Gulf Stream.

Almost every boat was backed by the money of a major hull or engine manufacturer. Dick Bertram, whose fiber-glass Moppie ran off with last year's brutal test (and so much publicity that Bertram set up a \$2 million operation to turn out Moppies for everybody), had entered two sister ships of the 1960 winner. Carl Kiekhafer, the hard-bitten boss of the Mercury outboard factories, sent down three entries and a pink-tailed seaplane that the drivers followed across the open ocean. Even the automobile-engine makers were in Miami. Pontiac, Chevrolet, Cadillac and Chrysler put motors into anything that looked as if it had a chance.

"Every man here," said Bertram, "thinks he has the best rough-water boat around. Now he can find out."

The start was scheduled for the morning of Wednesday, April 12, but the Miami weather bureau cast its official eye out to sea and passed a verdict on the course: "Too rough." Up went the small-craft warning and down went the hopes of the big, rugged inboards.

"This is supposed to be the greatest test of man and boat in the world," grumped Terry Kilborne, driver of the heavy-weather *RX-1*. "Now they are making a picnic of it." The owners of the light-kulled outboards were of a different mind. Ray Barnett, skipper of the 23-foot *Louise's Goddess*, sat up all night, a pitcher of Martinis in one hand and a phone in the other, pleading with the weather forecaster: "Remember all the little fellows in the race."

The weatherman remembered, and Thursday morning put off the start for one more day. Cheers from the

outboarders, boos from the inboarders—all but one. The one was Sam Griffith, who drove the winner for Bertram in 1960 and was at the helm of one of the new Moppies for this year's race. Griffith ordered his boat pulled up on a hoist, then waited. When Friday morning broke calm and clear, Griffith tore everything out of his Moppie that could come off to make her lighter, and smeared her bottom with a coat of graphite.

The race went off at 7 o'clock. From the gun, Griffith (*sixth from the top of right*) had his boat out in front. Halfway to Nassau he was still leading, charging through a stretch of the Gulf Stream which in normal times is riddled by a wicked cross-chop, but this day was smooth as Moppie's bottom. By the time he turned into Nassau Harbor, he was so sure of victory that he throttled back his engines and danced a victory jig as he powered over the finish line. Two minutes, 15 seconds behind him came Forest Johnson in a 34-foot cruiser; third was Moppie's sister ship, the *Fwa*; and in fourth, fifth, seventh and ninth were a pack of delighted outboard drivers. Terry Kilborne, who finished 18th, spent most of the 180-mile run taking naps, drinking beer and waving sadly to the outboarders that skipped by. Like a number of the other big inboard skippers, he felt that he had been done in by the weather. In cold fact, however, he had been done in by Griffith, Bertram and the fast-moving Moppie.

"This thing is pretty healthy for an operation like ours," said boat-builder Bertram afterwards. "It gives us an incentive to try things out that will go into the production models to make them more seaworthy." It was also doing quite a bit to keep the Bertram Yacht Company floating high in the boating market. Already turning out \$5 million worth of hulls per year as a result of the 1960 victory, Bertram was going to lose no business whatever by finishing first and third in '61.

Dick Bertram's fiber-glass inboard ran off with the Miami-Nassau ocean race for the second straight year



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HORSE RACING / Whitney Tower

Wanted: good jockeys

Racing, faced with a shortage, must develop new top riders. Part IV of a series

At last count there were about 1,300 registered jockeys in the U.S. and many times that number of youngsters working around homes, hopefully awaiting a chance to enter an exacting profession where the glamour and rewards come only to a few and where loss of judgment can mean the loss of life.

The top American riders, as a group, are the highest paid athletes in all of sport (nine of them earned over \$100,000 in 1960—compared to probably four in boxing, none in baseball, none in football, basketball or hockey). Because of them, the average young boy sees the practitioners of this dangerous pursuit as athletic Brahmins who ride horses for huge incomes and support stables of flashy cars. Men in racing know exactly how foolish this legend is.

They are also aware that a jockey crisis may be on the horizon. Basically, the problem is not one of quantity but of quality. Caught up in the swirl of racing's general overcommercialization (SI, Feb. 13, et seq.), most owners and trainers use only the established jockeys when big purses are at stake. As a consequence, most of them have become negligent in promoting and encouraging the lower castes of the struggling riding colony, who represent 95% of its jockeys.

For example, last year's 19 leading money-winning riders (representing less than 1% of all active riders) accounted for 16% of the total purse distribution in the U.S. Most of them had more than 1,000 mounts. By contrast, 45% of all riders had fewer than 100 mounts last year, another 45% fewer than 500 and, according to the jockeys themselves, the average income of the 1,300 was an unglamorous \$3,500 to \$5,000 a year.

If some of the blame lies with the



SECARD IS PRESIDENT OF JOCKEYS' UNION

trainer, more of it transfers directly back to the owner. "Don't use my horses to give experience to an untried boy," he warns, and the trainer is forced to seek the services of the best rider he can find. Equally guilty are many of the hopeful youngsters. Says 54-year-old Johnny Longden, "Kids today are not interested in working hard. They don't want to go through the long grind and take a couple or three years to learn to ride. I send a boy up to the ranch when I think he has some promise. In three days he's pulling up the stirrups and getting ready to go to the races already."

The hard old days

Since Longden's apprenticeship, and well before it, the ways of prospective young racetrackers have changed. It used to be that potential jockeys would sign up with a trainer and for two years see nothing but the shed row and the back room of the trainer's own house. The contract holder taught the boy, often a lad barely into his teens, sound horsemanship and rigid discipline. Most of the current headliners, like Longden,

continued



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HORSE RACING *continued*

Eddie Arcaro, Willie Shoemaker, Bill Hartack, Miño Valenzuela, Bobby Ussery and Bill Boland owe their success to the fact that they accepted this sort of training and worked at it feverishly at the minor circuit before daring to dream of getting a mount at Belmont Park or Saratoga.

Today's young riders, in a new cultural setting, seem just as ambitious as their predecessors but less willing to work the grueling hours necessary to assure their own development. In many cases there has been a disturbing lack of discipline. Trainer Mosley Jelley notes, "An exercise boy wants to be a rider before he can sit a horse properly. As soon as he thinks he is somebody, a jockey gets that stay-in-bed-in-the-morning attitude. You ask him to work a horse for you in the morning and the guy looks at you as though you'd insulted him. Then, if he feels like it, he'll show up two hours late in his Cadillac and tell you how tired he is!"

Present-day handicaps

In fairness to today's apprentice (about 10% of all riders are apprentices), he is forced to operate under handicaps that never bothered the likes of Earl Sande, who learned to ride at 5 and who was an accomplished horseman by the time he was 14. For one thing, American boys are larger than they used to be. Modern riders start off with a size and weight disadvantage that endangers a career before it has properly begun. Then there are the child labor laws, which generally prohibit employment before the age of 16.

Thus, unless a boy has been fortunate enough to gain experience on western stock or range horses, much of his enthusiasm is thwarted at just the period in his life when he is most readily susceptible to encouragement. In Latin America, because there are few school and labor regulations, boys get an early start in horsemanship and in actual race-riding competition. This has been largely responsible for the recent success on U.S. tracks of an exciting and skilled band of invading riders that includes Manuel Ycaza, Benito Bueso, Heliodoro Gutierrez, Jose Ufco and Herbert Hinojosa, to name only a few of the best.

What can be done to develop future

continued

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KENTUCKY DERBY PREVIEW

Next week in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

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HORSE RACING continued

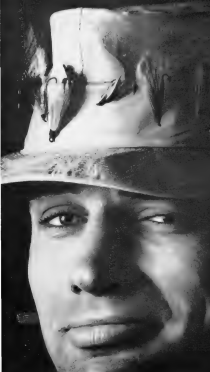
jockeys? A year ago New York instituted an occasional rare limited to apprentice jocks. Then this year, in an effort to give youngsters more opportunity to ride, it increased the apprentice allowance from five pounds to a temporary 10 pounds. On the first count, veteran official Marshall Cassidy finds that, "A better way to teach apprentices is to let them get their education by riding against proven riders and by showing them their mistakes on reruns of the film patrol movies. That does a world more good for young riders than turning a dozen green kids out in the same field together where they can't help but be a menace to themselves and to their horses."

Aracero's views

But, on the same score, Jockeys' Guild President Eddie Aracero observes, with some justification, "Why should the public pay for the education of a new boy? When the public bets on the races they have a right to get the best deal. In one apprentice race I saw a boy drop his whip and throw away the reins. What would you think if you had put a bet down on that boy?"

Aracero and most Jockeys' Guild officers are against the increased apprentice allowance. "It has always turned out," says Eddie, "that when you do come up with a good rider, and you give him five pounds, he has a license to steal. Years ago we were spotting Shoemaker five pounds when he should have been giving us five! The point is this: a guy with ability needs no special help. So what good does it do to give 10 pounds to a boy with no ability? It might help some trainer win a few races, but it certainly doesn't teach the jock to be a better rider. Another thing, New York and other major circuits are not the place to 'make' new riders any more than you'd bring a boy to Yankee Stadium to teach him to play baseball. Jockeys are made in the 'bushes,' not in New York. You bring 15 apprentices to New York expecting them to make good, but the majority of them will have two things happen to them: they'll make great exercise boys and great ping-pong players. The allowance you give an apprentice now riding against regular jocks is so great that he can make

continued



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30 mistakes in a race and still win. I don't think you should punish a guy who has worked all his life to acquire ability by inflicting that against him. I don't think it is fair in any spot in the world."

If Arcaro and the guild had their way they would put their words into action. The 20-year-old guild (which provides its members with accident and life insurance, supports mandatory use of the Caliente safety helmet, and has encouraged track management to hire retired jockeys as patrol judges on the way to eventual promotion to the steward's stand) wants to establish a special school for jockeys. But when Arcaro went to The Jockey Club seeking \$50,000 to help set up the school the response was disappointingly negative.

Pro and con

One prominent racing secretary, acknowledging the fact that public trainers in particular cannot satisfy owners by using untried boys, suggests that the trouble is with the big stables, which, he says, are falling down on their responsibility to make new riders. Calumet's Jimmy Jones, who has long despised of the lack of ambition among young U.S. riders, has a perfectly cogent reply for the secretary. "It seems to me," he says, "that a lot of us are running schools for jockeys and stable hands without knowing it or without intending to. See what happens when I sign on a green boy: if he gets on a horse I think may be pretty fair I immediately have to take him off that horse and put one of my good boys on. Then the poor kid gets sore and I have to fire him and start all over again with a new boy. This, in effect, is running a school, but certainly not the way I like to run things."

For all the arguments and counter-arguments the fact remains that in this age of fast and sometimes frenzied expansion there will be an increasing need for riders of the very top caliber. What is needed now is renewed awareness on the part of owners, trainers and management as well as would-be jockeys of their mutual responsibility for developing the next generation of master American riders. Unless all these people join to produce a solution—and soon—their sport will lose much of its appeal. **END**

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Almost instant gun dogs



An innovator believes he can make a field dog out of Fido in two shakes of a chicken wing

Most dog trainers believe that a puppy of less than six months is too young even to begin training for his life's work. In a book, *Gun Dog*, soon to be published by E. P. Dutton, an amateur dog trainer named Richard Walters describes a method by which he claims he can turn a six-month-old pup into a full-fledged gun dog with the dispatch of a modern housewife brewing a pot of instant coffee.

Walters' method is based on recent findings in the field of guide dogs for the blind (*A New Lead to Superdogs*, SI, June 18, 1980). He begins training the puppy at the age of 45 days, the precise age at which scientists have found that a guide dog's learning processes become active.

For the next five weeks, the puppy—which must come of good sporting stock if the experiment is to succeed—is taught the basic lessons of social behavior. At 12 weeks he is ready to begin his technical training. Using an ordinary chicken wing attached to a fly rod, Walters conducts his classes in daily 10-minute sessions right in the family living room. The curriculum itself is divided into 12 lessons, each of which may take anywhere from one minute to several sessions.

Walters' first lesson teaches the pup not to bolt in on a bird and scare him off. He casts the chicken wing, tied on about eight feet of line, in the air but does not let the pup catch it. As soon as the pup stops chasing

after the wing, Walters drops it on the floor in front of him. The dog soon understands that if he rushes in he loses his quarry.

In the second, third and fourth lessons Walters refines the dog's point, a form of stalking that comes naturally to certain breeds. When the pup grows tired of chasing the wing he will change his tactics and stalk in on it. As soon as he does, Walters signals him to stop and stay before he reaches the wing. This is the beginning of a point.

Sometimes a young pup becomes so excited at the scent of a bird that he points prematurely. In the fifth lesson he must be taught to move in cautiously until he is close to the bird, but not so close that he flushes it. Walters puts the pup on point several yards from the chicken wing. Then, using slow, waxy words and gestures, he encourages him to move in close. If he bolts, he swings the wing out of reach.

By continuing to make the chicken wing play the part of a live bird in further situations, by using a scrub brush as a dead bird (the brushes teach the pup to mouth it gently) and by using a cap pistol to simulate a shotgun, Walters confidently claims he can teach his gun pup all the tricks of the field.

"Remember," Walters concludes, "we can't teach a dog to hunt; his breeding takes care of that. But we can teach him how to hunt. Given the proper training from his 49th day on, any spring puppy from good field stock can, in my belief, become a full-fledged gun dog by the time the next fall season opens." **END**

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Unforgettable ascot

The Ascot tie was developed a couple of hundred years ago to help meet emergencies—it served the horse-borne gentry not only as a necktie but as a bandage if an accident occurred in the field. The huntsman's stock still reflects this first-aid philosophy. Skiers and sailors use ascots to seal the space between sweater and neck. Nowadays the ascot also serves to bridge the social gap between the overdressed look of tie and shirt and the too naked look of the unadorned sports shirt.

Because the ascot does have this rather limited use, it often is forgot-

ten by the harassed weekenders. Accordingly, Actor Richard Ney asked Robert Clark of his London shirtmakers, Turnbull & Asser Ltd., to make him a shirt with an ascot permanently built in. Here Mr. Ney wears the result—called the Clarney, after its two innovators. It has been brought to America and launched with great success by Brooks Brothers at \$14.50 or \$17.50, depending on fabric. Its worldwide sale has reached 100,000. Clarney-shirted men have been beating the necktie-for-dinner requirements at northern ski resorts and southern sun spots all winter. **END**

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POODLE NAMED PEG

(continued from page 41)

many experts. I plunged into the vast literature on the subject of wondrous reasoning animals—the famous horses of Elberfeld, the dog of Mannheim, the horse of Richmond, Va. and others, and tried to take my bearings in the face of the long and inconclusive dispute between the defenders and the debunkers of their reputed achievements. I discussed Peg's story with zoologists and psychologists, with humble zokeepers and with circus trainers, in Europe, in England, in the United States. What they told me tended to confirm rather than dispel my faith in Peg's capabilities.

Animal psychology is a brand-new and wide-open field. One discovery is opening into another, revolutionizing our concept of life, and of our place in it, no less than recent developments in nuclear physics or the exploration of interstellar spaces. The traditional opposition between human reason and animal instinct has broken down, and the animal's capacity of "reasoning," in the sense of grasping causal connections through several links, has been documented beyond any possibility of doubt. Many animals—as we are just beginning to learn—have been able to develop a "language" of their own, that is, to translate emotions or items of information into a code of conventional signs (acoustic, olfactory or visual), which have the same meaning for the animals emitting and receiving the message. The "vocabulary" of some species comprises well over a hundred "words."

I went back to see Peggy several times. I visited her in Chiari. I interviewed her in her winter home on the Riviera. She was my guest in Florence. I showed her the city; she ate lunch at my house, snubbed my dogs, and barked scorable answers to a number of questions.

I devised tests for her which, it seems to me, strictly eliminated the possibility of any helpful interference on the part of her mistress—even though the latter had to be permitted to stay in the room, since, in her absence, Peg would not "reason" but acted up like a spoiled child when Mother walks out.

On one of my visits, I brought with me a briefcase with my materials. It remained shut, and its contents were not seen by anybody. Once we were settled in the usual way and Peg was warmed up, I asked Mrs. Corridori kindly to go to the other end of the room and turn her back on us and the dog. I then took

out of the briefcase a children's book consisting of large clear illustrations of domestic animals. I held it down in front of Peg and opened it at random, holding it so that not only Mrs. Corridori could not conceivably see it, but I could not see it myself. Nobody could see it except Peggy. After two or three seconds, while Peg looked at the picture, I closed the book, zipped it into my briefcase and allowed Mrs. Corridori to comfort the highly nervous dog with her reassuring presence.

"Did you see what I showed you in that book?" I asked the dog.

Three barks.

"Then write it for me."

Even the plural

Peg went to work on her answer just as she always does and spelled out "CAVALLI [horses]." I reopened the book where I had left a mark between the pages. There was indeed a picture showing two big Belgian workhorses. It would seem that Peg not only identified the animal in the picture but also noted that there were two, not one, and accordingly formed the plural, *cavalli*, from the singular, *cavall*.

We tried several times in the same carefully controlled way, and Peggy quite correctly produced "CANI [dog]" and "MUCCA [cow]" from the pictures I showed her. Apparently the dog performed completely by herself, for who could have helped her, and how?

Certainly, other tests will have to be made; other experiments, I.Q. tests and confusion maneuvers will have to be conducted before any scientific conclusion can be reached as to the real limits of Peg's intellectual capacities. They ought to be conducted by specialists, not by a harmless dog lover like myself. They ought to take place in a university laboratory, not in the protective setting of a private home.

When I saw Peggy last, in her winter home at San Remo, I asked her: "Would you like to go across the ocean, so the United States?"

She thought it over for a moment. Then, scrambling about among her letters, she spelled out:

"VOLONTIERE MOUTHERMO [very gladly indeed]."

It occurred to me that she would be able to comply with most of the formalities. Provided with her spelling cards, she could assure the consul issuing the visitor's visa that she has no intention of assassinating the President—or even of biting him.

END



Shady Soft There are two simple ways to help protect yourself from harsh blinding sky glare when you drive. (1) Don't leave home 'til sundown. (2) Have a shaded E-Z-EYE Safety Plate Glass windshield in your car.

E-Z-EYE lets you drive in comfort, at any hour. That scientifically shaded, transparent band of blue across the top is a real eye-opener.



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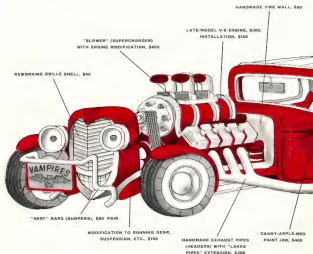
In the last few years the hot rodders, who used to play "chicken" down the center lines of the nation's highways, have virtually disappeared from view. Most motorists assume that the rods broke down, the boys (if they lived) grew up and the fad died out. Not so. Most of the rodders have left the road for the drag strips, but they have founded their own fantasy city and they have proliferated. Today a legion of cars shuck and shuck in Rumpville, which is in the Holy Land and strictly scooby-deo

(scooby-deoby to a square like you).

Rumpville—or Rumpville, depending on how far out you feel—is the hot rodder's heaven, and to a student of contemporary American culture it is a place of fascination. For here the modern phenomenon of automobilism, that devout interest in cars entirely apart from their use as transportation, has reached its pinnacle in the creations turned out by onetime chicken players, and in the world they have built around their cars. It is a world that invites and

rewards study, for the hot rod cult—and there is no better word to describe this movement—is limited only by the fetish-oriented imagination of its cultists.

Automobilism has been called "a major movement in society," but it would be more accurate to define it as a quasi religion, what with its concept of the car as power, its special set of doctrines and the extraordinary behavior patterns exhibited by its devotees. It embraces a number of cults given over to the veneration of a particular type of vehi-



RUMPSVILLE

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

To many persons the automobile is a status symbol. To 1.5 million hot rodders, however, the car is the cornerstone of a cult with its own lingo, customs and heroes. The cars range from wild to mild, but the fuzzy world they live in can be far out, man, far out.

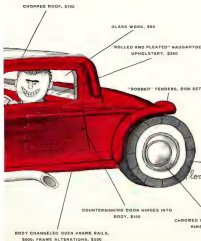
cle. There are cults devoted to the sports car, the classic car (the vigorous subcult of Bugati believers has all but made a saint of Le Patron, the late Ettore Bugati), the Indianapolis racer, the motorcycle (rent by schisms between the sophisticated enthusiasts of English cycles and the Brandoesque brutes known as "hog riders" who favor the big American machines), the kart (the latest, smallest and most retrogressive of these vehicles) and, of course, the hot rod.

The hot rod cult is the most flourish-

ing of all. Fifteen years ago there were only 3,000 hot rodders in the United States; now there are 1.5 million. Most hot rodders are law-abiding. A minority, dubbed "shot rodders" by the orthodox, is not. (To some outsiders, there is some difference between the shot rodder and the hot rodder. Briefly, however, the hot rodder is interested in "improving" his car in some fashion or other and the shot rodder's interest is in using his car as an instrument of aggression on the street.) Altogether, they spend an esti-

mated \$250 million a year on their cars and related products, and though this in itself is a considerable sum they manage to have a greater impact on society by virtue of their influence on automobile design. For, whatever its extremes, the hot rod cult has produced creative enthusiasm who have left—and are still leaving—their mark on America. Several mass-produced cars now reflect hot rod innovations—for example, the Chrysler 300 line—and it is no exaggeration to say that the unusual alterations on the

continued



A CAT IN HIS COUPE

Here, in lighthearted fashion, is a cat in his idealized "Deuce" coupe, a 1932 Ford that has been modified for both "show and go." (Max, can it go? Up to 160 mph if the owner wants.) The original purchase price was only \$200, but besides the costs indicated in the drawing—so say nothing of the approximate 3,000 man-hours invested—the owner would have spent \$100 for miscellaneous body work, \$100 for the transmission and \$650 on choosing the undercarriage. The club plaque, up front for illustration purposes, cost \$5 from a mail-order house. The tab for the cat's coupe: a whopping \$3,000, not counting \$1,000 a year for such joys as maintenance, insurance and club dues.

CHOPPED ROOF, \$100

GLASS WORK, \$40

ROLLED AND PLEATED "NAUGHANY" UPHOLSTERY, \$200

"BOBBED" FENDERS, \$100 SET

REAR RACING TIRES ("SLICKS"), \$100 PAIR

COUNTERSINKING DOOR HINGES INTO BODY, \$100

CHROMED REVERSED WHEEL RIM, \$100 SET

BODY CHanneled OVER FRAME RAILS, \$800; FRAME ALTERATIONS, \$200

machine some teen-ager is driving in Los Angeles today may be adopted by Detroit tomorrow.

Almost all members of the hot rod culture studies between the ages of 14 and 40. Generally, they adhere to a code of totem and taboos complicated enough to make the sociologist pause and the Freudian leap for his pencil. It is, for instance, required of a hot rodder who is "with it" to chrome the undercarriage of his car, or at least paint it white, but it is definitely "Mickey Mouse," hot rodders for bad taste, to fly a foxtail or use mud flaps.

Hot rodding has an involved hierarchy. In the early days of the cult, a hot rod was a standard Detroit car with a souped-up engine for "go." Nowadays, however, a hot rod may also mean a car with an altered, or "customized," exterior for "show." At the bottom of the hierarchy, which feeds upward in farm-system fashion, is a high school youngster with a hot rod that might be go, show or "show and go." More often than not the youngster will belong to a car club. If he does, he will exhibit a club plaque in the rear window of his rod and wear the club jacket to school. The jacket is likely to be wool and blue in color (motorcyclists wear leather). Most clubs have aggressive and evocative names: Black Widows, Cam-twisters, Canibals, Demons, Igniters, Miss-Fits, Nomads, Salsars, Shifters, Undertakers, Vampires, Vandals, Voo-dees, Wipers. One of the most popular, over the years, has been Road Runners, but the Untouchables is coming on fast. A typical Untouchables plaque shows a car streaking away from another car or a reaching hand.

Higher in the hierarchy is a more or less independent rodder in his 20s. Many of his contemporaries will have given up hot rodding—half the hot rodders are teen-agers—but this cat has held fast and channeled his passion in a particular direction. If he is interested in the "show route," he will spend hour after hour adding new touches to his custom car. If he is interested in racing, he will spend an equal amount of time tinkering with his "dragster," which might best be described as an engine on wheels. The dragster is run only on drag strips, the straightaway quarter-mile course where

rodders stage acceleration races against one another in pairs, or individually against the clock. A class A dragster can reach 170 mph with ease.

At the top of the hierarchy is a speedster like Mickey Thompson, 32, who drives a "Streamliner," a car specially built to perform on the Bonneville Salt Flats. In one spree Thompson, who has a Pontiac engine for each of his car's four wheels, hit 406.6 mph, the fastest man has gone on wheels.

Whatever a hot rodder's standing in the hierarchy, he has a mystical reverence for cars. "The automobile is the most majestic thing to me," says Lou Schomch, a Los Angeles hot rodder who has given up go for show. "The automobile has done more for the human race than anything or anyone. More than Michelangelo or Keats or Shakespeare. A guy who hates cars or who doesn't cherish them, I don't want to know."

This sort of feeling burning in the hot rod heart led to the creation of Rungsville (or Rumpville). "Rungsville would be the Elysian Fields of hot rodding," says Le Roi Smith, an editor of *Hot Rod Magazine* (the bible) and a former national field director of the National Hot Rod Association (the society for the propagation of the faith). "It's where hot rodders could go and all the people would know about mechanical things. Hot rod heaven, that's Rungsville. When you hop up an engine, it makes a noise like 'rump, rump.' That's where it comes from, man, like from Wildsville."

The lingo with which hot rodders ordinarily communicate with one another is a mélange of bop talk, beat talk, teen talk and garage talk. "Beau" means car, and so does "beast." A "pig" is a car "that's like nothing, dirty." A "Sally Rand" is a car with "no radio, no heater, no nothin"—stripped. A "gook wagon" is a car with subzero ornamentation, and it is driven either by a "choke" (a slob) or a "squirrel" (a dangerous character, derived loosely from the frowny-upon foxtail). A Chevrolet is a "stove," and a Ford is a "can." A "druce" is a sporty 1932 Ford, probably the most desirable machine.

"Scooby-doo" means sharp or good, to "shack" is to live, and to "shuck" is to talk. "Mother," always spelled and pronounced "mutha," generally has a

connotation of endearment as in "Look at that mutha go!" (A hot rod club in the Midwest used to call its president "head mutha.") "Fast" and "heat" mean police. When I told a hot rodder I had been talking to police, he exclaimed to a friend: "Hey, man, this cat's been dancin' with the heat!"

Around all this jazz, daddy-o, revolves hot rod culture. There are hot rod movies like *Hot Rod Gang* showing "Crazy Ride . . . Bring to a wild rock 'n' roll heat!" There are hot rod novels like *Street Rod*: "Ricky Madison was going too fast to do anything but watch the highway. How good it felt to split the night like the point of a knife, pipes blasting against the road. Speed . . . speed . . . speed. Tonight he'd find out what his rod could do!" There are records like *Transfusion* by Nervous Nervus on a Dot label, which sold 950,000 copies and goes in part:

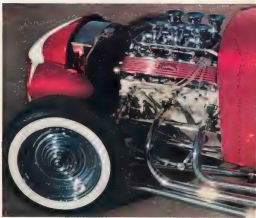
Toodle' above the highway ain't 79
I'm a twin-pipe poppa,
and I'm feelin' free.
Hey, man, slip that!
Was that a red stop sign?
(Sound of crash)
Transfusion! Transfusion!
I'm just a solid mass of continuous!
Nerve, nerve, nerve gonna speed
again!
Slip the blood to me, bud!
Jump in my rod about a quarter to
nine.
I gotta make a date with that chick
of mine.
I cross the center line.
Man, you gotta make time!
(Sound of crash)
Transfusion! Transfusion!
Oh, man, I got the cotton pickle
combination!
I'm never, never, never gonna speed
again!
Shove the juice to me, Bruce!

The ultimate in records are those put out by Riverside Records in New York which contain only the sounds of the engines themselves. Riverside has recorded a whole sonic gamut of automobilism, ranging from the "brrraappp" of a Formula Junior racer to the "vrrrrm" of a Corvette, but of all these the three hot rod records have sold the best. "The exciting thing in listening to a hot rod engine," says Bill Grauer, Riverside president, "is when it has reached its peak and starts that endearing wail, 'ooma, ooma'"

continued



Ferry pink Aerial lines trunk of Larry Wagon's 1957 Cadillac. Aerial also covers floor of candy-pink car, which has stainless steel top, bucket seats, record player and electric doors.



Chromed Cadillac engine of "The Engine," 1929 Ford judged world's top roadster, has six carburetors. Designed by George Barris, it was built by owner Chuck Kikorian of Fresno.



Silver Sugarbush," Chloé Castaldi's '33 Ford, is another Barba job (with Alexander Bros.). Like yoursika an engine, 30 coats of paint and candy paint.





A 1934 Ford coupe with Chevrolet engine: after donning strip in a show trial. Tuned up to 450 horsepower, this car accelerates to speed of 128 mph on the strip.

Rock the Crazy Pelican, displays \$12,000 "Beach Buggy," which has a fiber-glass body, a 1930 Olds engine rebuilt by Myler Thompson, and silver steering.



"This is a hell of a bit of mass culture."

The spread of the hot rod cult and culture has caused all sorts of reactions. The California legislature has passed a law prohibiting hot rodders from lowering any part of the car body below the rim of the wheels. (Hot rods were getting straggled crossing railroad tracks, and one hot rodder with a flat bucked up traffic for miles on a Los Angeles freeway when he was unable to get a jack beneath his beast.) Last year the United States Information Agency dispatched a hot rodder and his car to Germany to explain the American way of life. The Germans were baffled. "They didn't know what it was," says the hot rodder, Bob Clifford, 16, of Orinda, Calif.

The International Association of Police Chiefs has branded hot rod racing a public menace, but a growing number of police officials favor drag racing because it cuts violations on the open road. Still, the National Safety Council condemned supervised racing on the grounds that speed itself is bad, and some educators have gone so far as to deplore ownership of any car by a high school student. One study showed that not a single straight-A student owned a car, but 83% of those failing did. The Air Force and the Army, on the other hand, endorse hot rodding—hot rodders make first-rate mechanics.

Sociologists, psychologists and psychiatrists have sought to explain the cult and the allure of the automobile. Eugene Gilbert, president of the Gilbert Youth Research Co., which advises business on teen-age interests, has found that to a teenage male a driver's license means more than his first date, his first kiss or his first time out after midnight. Youngsters can hardly wait to flee the family car, which is to them a "baby carriage with a motor," for a motor of their own. Hot rodders apparently want to stress their freedom and individuality even more. Reuel Denney, a sociologist at the University of Chicago, has written in *The American Motor*, a study of popular culture, that the hot rodders are in revolt against Detroit. They are "Participative Purists" who require something different from the mass model. Hot rodders are members of "the salon of the refused," and they get their kicks by indulging in "gasoline fiestas."

Peter E. Siegle, a former consulting psychologist for Maresmont Automotive Products in Chicago, has an even more personal interpretation. In the August 1952 issue of *Hot Rod Magazine* he wrote, doubtless to the confusion of many of his readers: "The serious hot rodder is compulsive . . . which may mean that he is attempting to bring some order into his life by organizing and manipulating gadgets, an action which is, for him, easier than trying to manipulate people. . . . Since all motivation and response is modified in some way by the cultural milieu, it is only natural that in a mechanistic culture, young people tend toward mechanistic pursuits. In this culture status is achieved through money, sex or the acquisition of physical mass symbols. The hot rodder gains recognition (negative or positive) by building the noisier, faster, flashier vehicle. . . ."

To Ernest Dickter, the motivational researcher, hot rodding, along with high fidelity and gourmet foods, is symptomatic of a new trend in the market place which he calls "mass organized nonconformism." Dickter, who sold Chrysler on manufacturing the hardtop convertible as a one-package symbol of both wife (sedan) and mistress (convertible), is fascinated by the eroticism in hot rodding. "Speed is power, potency, conquest," he says. "It's the demonstration of your own power. You're going 100 mph, not the car. These hot rodders are basically insecure sexually, and they overcompensate."

Psychiatrists who view the car as a phallic, or potency, symbol find a rich field for research among the extremist fringe, the hot rodders. The hot rodders are in revolt all right, but against Mom, not the Motor City. Two St. Louis psychiatrists, Dr. Jack C. Neaves and Dr. George Winokur, examined 30 such boys in a seven-year period and reported their findings in the *Bulletin of the Menninger Clinic* for January 1957. The "typical" hot rodder, they deduced, "is a precocious, physically strong boy. He is aggressive of temperament, and his early history shows evidence of emotional deprivation. His relationship with his mother is usually a very ambivalent one ('Yuh gonna have mothers, but I can't stand 'em. They're bouy'). . . .

"Athletics, at least in these 30 cases, were no source of release," the report continued. "Either the boys were too threatened by the direct competition, or else they could not face the complicated team cooperation that goes into, for instance, a good baseball game. Many of them excelled at swimming or individual sports. But certainly interest in sports which employ interaction was lacking in these adolescents."

"Art, music and poetry were considered 'sissy stuff.' There was a general dislike of reading and literature. The verbal ability of this group was distinctly lower than their mechanical performance. They came mostly from lower middle class homes."

"Study of these 30 cases shows that the automobile can become a sort of accessory body image. The boys verbalize this by such statements as: 'That old hot rod of mine gets to be like a part of me,' or, again: 'Behind the wheel I get bigger and bigger. Man, it's a real cool feeling. I swell up to be just as big as the car. Next year I'm getting a Cadillac.' Thus the ego boundaries expand to include the car, in a sense. A feeling of megalomaniacal power and invulnerability ensues. Further evidence of this use of the automobile as an expanded body image is afforded by the decreasing tendency that these boys show to call a car by a feminine first name (Lizzie, Betty). . . . There is a great self-destructive element in their behavior," the report concluded. "Yet, their vitality, their urge to live and their real skill as drivers pull them through. It is the thrill of the 'near miss' that they are after."

Hot rodding was born and nurtured in Los Angeles, a city given over to the car, to speed and to experiment. Precisely when hot rodding first appeared is not recorded, though it has been said it was "firmly entrenched as an automotive sport when Model T Fords were popular." At any rate, hot rodding was well under way by 1937 when the Southern California Timing Association was formed to supervise races on the dry lakes 120 miles away and calm an aroused public. (One rancher complained 10 head of cattle were rustled during a race meet, and another said the engine noise kept the hens from laying eggs.)

During World War II hot rodding died down, but it revived with a fury

—continued—

once the war was over. Most of the hot rodders were using old cars—Detroit didn't put out "a really new machine" until 1953—and they held street races with daredevil variations. "Crickle fender" became popular, and hot rodders began collecting dents "in much the same way," an observer noted, "as an outlaw of an earlier and wilder West notched his pistol stock." "Chicken," brought to its full glory by the late James Dean in *Rebel Without a Cause*, took hold. In one version, two drivers would head toward one another, the left front wheel of each car riding the center line on the road. The first to get out of the way lost. *Swish! Junk*, the comic strip, featured Hot Rod Happy, a highway hooligan who ignored his dying dad for his cut-down car.

As it grew in popularity, the cult grew in infamy. On every level the hot rodder was damned. Outraged parents began to enforce reforms. After Dr. Waldo Pundleton, a Los Angeles surgeon, lost his 17-year-old son in a crash, he made each member of his late son's club, the Gents, sign a pledge to promote safe driving. The Gents held their meetings in the doctor's house, where they listened to informal talks by a policeman and, as a result, began behaving like, well, gents. In 1956 the town of Santa Ana, plagued by hot rodders coming from L.A. to race on its long, straightaway streets, converted an unused airport runway into the first supervised drag strip in the country. Other communities followed suit, police took an interest in clubs and, as a result, street racing in the area declined to the point where it was no longer a problem.

One person who did much to make hot rodding presentable was Robert E. Petersen, a 21-year-old movie producer who was also among the first to realize the commercial possibilities of the cult. In January of 1948, shortly after he had been dropped from M-G-M in an economy wave, Petersen teamed up with another firing victim, Robert Lindsay, to start a monthly, *Hot Rod Magazine*. Together they splurged \$400 to print 10,000 copies, and after they had hawked many of them personally at drag races and drive-ins, they published a second

issue. Within a year *HRM*, as the magazine refers to itself, had a circulation of 50,000, and by 1952 Petersen, an aggressive sort who had ideas for other magazines, was able to buy out Lindsay for a quarter of a million dollars. Today *HRM* has a circulation of 650,000, the largest of any automotive magazine in the world, and Petersen himself, who is worth \$3.5 million, tools around town in a \$14,000 red Ferrari and sips with the likes of Tina Louise.

Besides *HRM*, Petersen Publications, housed appropriately in a former automobile show room on Hollywood Boulevard, put out a clutch of other mechanistic monthlies. Among them are *Motor Trend*, with a circulation of 450,000; *Rod & Custom*, with 130,000; and *Kerr*, started last August for the newest cult and already up to 130,000.

One of Petersen's latest ventures is a hot rod comic book, *Car Tunes*. In one story, *Sage of Raneyville*, in the first issue, all the hot rodders in the country gather on the West Coast "to discuss the mutual problem of how to get an unappreciative public off their back." The rodders buy the offshore island of Catalina, deport the islanders back to the mainland and hack out drag strips. Back on the mainland, cars pile up in junkyards for lack of mechanics. The government asks the rodders to return, "offering to make Raneyville the Sit state." The hot rodders can't be bothered. Finally, out of curiosity, they send a couple of cars back to the mainland to see what's going on. They find streets devoid of cars and freeways overgrown with shrubbery.

"Holy gunk!" exclaims one of the cars. "We never realized our departure would work this kind of hardship upon future generations!" They drive up a mountain, unplug the powerful pipes of their beast and blast out a message to Catalina: "WAPP, wapp, wapp, wapp—WAPP, wapp—WAPP, WAPP." Catalina gets the message. "Using their normal amount of ingenuity, the entire population of Raneyville returned to the mainland now that they were convinced that they were needed—and rodding again assumed its helpful place on the national scene."

The *Sage of Raneyville* is a fair gauge of the literary taste of much of the hot rod cult, but it does point up the strong

desire of the movement to prove that hot rodding has a helpful—and rightful—place in society. This is the constant theme of the Petersen magazines and the National Hot Rod Association, a close ally. The NHRA was founded in 1951 by Wally Parks, then the editor of *Hot Rod Magazine* and now the editorial director of Petersen Publications, with the help of a \$1,500 loan from Petersen himself. Under Parks's guidance the NHRA has fought against shot rodding ("Names that include such words as 'Murders,' 'Killers,' 'Hell' or 'Wrecks' have a tendency to give the public the wrong impression of hot rodding") and sought to have hot rodding recognized as a safe, sane and useful sport. Since its founding NHRA has enrolled 100,000 members, all of whom are pledged to uphold the law, and it sanctions and insures 150 of the 250 drag strips in the country and runs a semiannual National Drugs Championships and a National Custom Car Show.

Los Angeles, birthplace of the cult, continues to spawn fads. Five years ago hot rods in L.A. were tilted up in front. Now they are tilted up in back. In the East, which is generally reckoned as being three to five years behind in style, cars are still tilted up in front.

Color schemes change all the time. Five years ago flames on the hood were the thing. Then they suddenly went out, and scalloping came in. Pin striping followed, then paneling. Now the fad is to paint the car a solid "candy" or "pearl" color. Candy, made from toners and clear—like the unrodded ingredients of pure paint—makes a finished job shine like a candied apple. Pearl, made from fish scales used in sail polish, not only gives clarity and polish but a satiny-like sheen. "Indianapolis is going real wild for pearls and candy colors," says Dean Jeffries, a painter who claims to have been the first to pearl cars. "I've got quite a few of them lined up for this year. Jim Hurtubise, who set a record there, had an orchid pearl with candy burgundy scallops, and the crowd went wild over it, the women especially."

Larry Watson, another custom painter, is working on pearls that change color with the lighting. One pearl glows red in the sun and turns green in the shade, while another is blue in the light

and gold in the dark. "Guys like to come down to my place, lock the doors and get high on the fumes of the lacquer," Watson says. "When I painted my '59, man, I got so high, I went out and got a haircut, man, and the guy was cutting burgandy-colored hair."

Like all cultists, hot rodders have their shrines. A favorite is the Los Angeles area's Harvey's Broiler, a drive-in in the suburb of Downey. Here high school hot rodders gather to partake of the glorified "chubby," a double hamburger, gaze at one another's cars and check on the latest fads. On weekend nights hundreds of cars jam the parking lot, and eager drivers waiting for a berth circle the block. Occasionally an impatient driver races his engine twice in rapid succession, sending a thrassy whomp-whoom into the soft night air. Instantly other drivers respond in automatic harmony. In the old days this ritual, called "rapping the engine," was a challenge to a street race.

I visited Harvey's one rainy night with two guides, Lieut. Ken Root of Perenna and Sergeant Rob Thomas of Lynwood, both of whom serve on the Police Advisory Council for Car Clubs in Los Angeles County. From our car, I pointed questioningly to rods with huge rear tires. "They're racing slicks with no tread," Root said. "It's a fad." In turn, he pointed to a car that had no hub caps on the wheels. "That style," he said, "comes from the drag strips. The strips won't allow hub caps because they might come off and get in the way of an oncoming car."

Several cars had bongie drums on the rear window shelf. "It followed the beatnik craze," Root said with a shrug.

Thomas said some hot rodders prefer stuffed lions to the drums. "It was the answer to our making them take graduation tasks and buy shoes off the rear-view mirror," he said. Still other hot rodders enclose the mirror with a soft fur muff known as a "fuzzy."

"One of the things the kids do," said Root, "is to take a cocktail glass, fill it with acetate glue, put a red marble in it for a cherry or a green one for an olive, and glue the base of the glass to the dashboard and let her sit. Looks strange."

"Here's an outlaw [hot rod] coupe. He's trying to look aquiline. An out-

law doesn't care how he looks as long as he draws attention."

"One reason you're not seeing many candy paint jobs tonight is because of the weather," Thomas said. "Water spots them. The guys get them cleaned up real nice, and they want to keep them that way."

"Another outlaw," said Root, pointing, as he prepared to pull out. "No license light. Bad taillight. Loud pipes. If this were Pomona, I'd pick him up."

"Daren right," said Thomas. "Make him get off the street."

Automobile supply houses keep an eye on L.A. for marketable fads. "The latest craze from California" is the only line needed to sell to hot rodders all over the country. J.C. Whitney & Company in Chicago is offering a "fuzzy wuzzy" steering-wheel cover at \$1.25 "for that smooth luxurious feel," and for only \$3 you can "give your car that way-out look" with nine feet of the fuzzy stuff, "enough material to customize dashboard, door moldings, all interior knobs, horn ring, rearview mirror, etc." Two dollars buys a wooden-head gear-shift knob, and \$6.95 in the mail brings a "classy jacket" with "NO CLUB—LONG WOLF" or "HAVE GODDIES—WELL TRAVEL" silk-screened on the back.

Most of the major fads, however, are set in motion by the high priests of hot rodding. With the exception of a few scattered near San Francisco and in the Middle West, the high priests reside in the Los Angeles area and are products of the hot rod movement itself. One is Dean Moon, 33, a machinist by trade, who owns a specialty parts house that grossed more than \$500,000 last year. Moon has contributed to literally hundreds of fads, including spray-aluminum wheel disks and floor-shift-conversion kits. (Hot rodders insist on a floor shift.) So many Moon items have become "in" that it is now "in" for hot rodders to paste a decal with his trademark, the two O's in Moon drawn as oversized eyeballs, on their cars. Last year Moon sold 4 million eyeball decals.

George Barris, 35, is "the king of customizing." Last year his firm grossed \$300,000. Barris is responsible for many of the design innovations of the last 15 years: floating sub grilles, outside exhausts, recessed taillights, air scoops

and continental rear ends. "I like to get things that are very futuristic," he says, "I don't like to repeat." When his wife was expecting a child, Barris had a name all picked out for a boy: XM 140. "I like to be different," he says. "But since it was a girl we named her Jo-Ji. Like George, but still different."

Barris does much of the car work for the movies. For instance, he did the hot rods for *Rebel Without a Cause*. After Dean was killed speeding in his Porsche, Barris bought the wreck for \$300. He exhibited it at car shows "to promote safety," but he was dismayed by the way kids reacted. "They stole pieces of it despite every precaution we took," he says. "Girls would flick paint off to save."

With his entrance into the movies, Barris has extended the range of custom culture. He upholstered Liberace's Cadillac in a black-and-white Naugahyde pattern that formed keyboards on the seats. On the bottom of the front seat Barris sewed the notes from the singer's theme song, *I'll Be Seeing You*. Barris hit a high note of some sort when he customized a Jaguar for Senator Barry Goldwater. "We built full bumpers front and rear for protection," he says. "We built a box continental kit on the rear deck lid with an outside tire. We constructed two full rear fenders, extended with air scoops to the brakes. We constructed taillights of pieces of clear Lucite eight inches long. The light lit one end and penetrated the full length of the Lucite. The front was a specially constructed concave bar grille with twin headlights extended into oval shapes. The car was painted rustic bronze, with 30 coats of lacquer. We installed several aircraft dials in the dash which Senator Goldwater hooked up himself."

One of the top interior designers is Ed Martinez, 34, a trained upholsterer. "The 'in' things are plants, bucket seats, furniture cloth and tufted bottoms," Martinez says. The bucket seats, made of plastic, rotate on swivels made for deep-sea-fishing chairs. Most cars now have carpenter floor mats with Naugahyde plants under the pedals. The "in" carpeting is an Avilan-fiber resembling fur.

The most unusual of the high priests is Roth, the Crazy Painter, the Flamed Kaboom of Weirsdale, who originated the Weirdo shirt. Roth's first name is really Ed, but he doesn't dig it. "I want

continued

Flashing down the Lions' drag strip in Long Beach, Calif., pair of Class D dragsters hit speed of 130 mph. Dragsters compete in five different classes.







A four-wheeled red is Barchi's experimental
air car. Before he has fully equipped for serious
work, it skins an air-tight cushion of air.

people to think that this car has really flipped his lid," Roth says. Nobody who has ever met him is inclined to doubt it.

Roth's shirts, rendered in fluorescent colors, cost \$5.50 each, and most are beyond description (see cover). His favorite shows, to quote him, "a head cut off at the neck being held up by a weird monster who has a straw going into the brain cavity, and he's sucking it like a sandwich with a real funny-type look on his face." As Roth sees it, the shirts sell because they're "the secret little weapon each juvenile has to terrorize his parents and his environment." (Ernest Dichter scoffs at Weirdo shirts as "a detachable tattoo.") He says, "It's a phony way to rebel. You can take it off if you change your mind.")

Roth takes only 15 minutes to air-brush a design on a shirt. "When a kid comes in to me, I take a good look at his face while I'm asking him what he wants," he says, eyes aglitter. "I do the face at the end. He'll have a little thing he wants, the beer he drinks, the girl friend's name or some favorite saying. Like 'It's the water,' from Olympia beer. 'My sister stinks'—I just did one yesterday. 'Flatheads forever,' or, 'I gribble Fords,' or maybe 'Corvette Eaters.'"

Not all Roth's customers are hot rod-ders. Tommy Rettig, who was bounced off the *Lansie* show for growing too big to play Jeff, the small-boy hero, ordered a shirt showing *Lansie* being barbecued on a spit.

It was Roth who introduced me to Lou Schorsch, whom Roth described as a hot rodder of the old school. Whatever school he belongs to, Schorsch emerged as an archetype of hot rodder. Now 28, he is married with four daughters and makes a living here and there. A gifted inventor, he has drawn as much as \$8,000 a year in royalties for some of his brain children. But he complains bitterly that he cannot get more of a hearing in the industry. "You have to go to college and get a piece of paper," said Schorsch, a high school graduate. "I've done things mechanical engineers said couldn't be done." One example is a carburetor that gets 36 miles to a gallon of gas for a big car like a Buick.

When Schorsch was younger, he used

to drag-race a 1932 Ford sedan with a swastika painted on the door. The name of the car was "Hitler's Mother." "I did it to more or less shake people up," he explained. "I'm Jewish, so no Jew could come to me and say anything." For the same reason presumably, Mort Zauns, a friend of Schorsch, used to race wearing a German helmet which came, he said, from the Gestapo.

Schorsch, who is now interested in show instead of go, estimated he had been in "maybe 2,000" street races. "I lost my license six or eight times," he said. "I won most of the races, but I got shut off, too. I'd say I won 1,500, lost 500." Schorsch has no fondness for police. "Quote me," he said. "The cops are trying to be big heroes to the kids. That's for the Little League. Real hot rodders don't dig cops. They give you a hassle. I don't know any guy of our age who likes cops. A cop can't even—quote me—handle a screwdriver. Police have no skills of any kind. The job takes no brains. All they want to do is stop you to be the big hero."

Schorsch is absolutely committed to cars. "Hot rodding comes first," he said. "It's above my home, anything. I'll take money out of the milk fund and the kids can eat beans for two months so I can have a new piece of chrome. I've done it. I'm doing it right now. I'm building a solar-powered car."

When his wife objects to his hot rodding activities, he walks out of the house. "The car's got gas in it," he said, "and after I go around the block I can't hear any more. My wife has never told me that she was sorry she married me. Not that I give a damn—I'd just as soon be with a car."

Zauns agreed. "My woman said it was either my car or her," said Zauns, "so I said, 'Goodbye, baby.' You take the best thing you can get because you can't have everything. Women are a dime a dozen, but cars, cars you want, are hard to get."

I asked Zauns what he would do if I touched his car. He said he would fight. "If you were a baker and you baked a cake," he said, "wouldn't you get mad off if I put my hand on it? Nobody touches nothin'. You keep your hands to yourself."

Schorsch went even further. "If a guy went up and leaned on my fender, by

God I'd flip!" he said. "It's like going up to Michelangelo's *Pinar de Afilo* and putting Hack paint on it. A bad scene! Hack! Eat you got magazines showing pictures of cars with broads lying on the hoods and fenders, sittin' on the roof. Oh, it wouldn't happen to the guys I know! In my town, a car gets known like a human being. A good car is known just like a person. Cars have personalities, just like people. You can have two 32 Ford coupés, same color, but something is different. A car is a person. I can tell when it's sick. Man, when my car isn't running right I think about it all night."

Schorsch likes motorcycles, but they have to be "linsey bikes," English motorcycles. "Guys in linsey bikes are groovy cats," he said. "They wear dark glasses at 12 o'clock at night and ride the beach." He wanted nothing to do with the "hog riders" on American "stickles." "The hogs are usually a bunch of Okies who wear big boots, hang out in bars and dance with ugly girls," he said. "In one club the guys wear earrings. They don't change their Levi's. They wear leather jackets with the sleeves torn off. Not cut off, torn off. They've got weird tattoos all over their arms. The broads are tattooed too. I've seen broads with the out's names tattooed on their legs. All the broads wear long hair and helmets. The hog riders are cats you wouldn't want to associate with. Strange clan."

"Man," said Roth, who had been listening in, "if you get in with the hog crowd you've really got it made!"

Schorsch disagreed. "I thought I was weird until I saw those guys," he said. Unlike rugged individualists like Schorsch and Zauns, younger hot rodders want to belong to a group, a club. There are now 40,000 car clubs in the United States, and they are increasing at such a rate that Wally Parks plans to set up a national organization for them alone. The new organization will have nothing to do with the National Hot Rod Association—indeed the name hot rod will be avoided—or drag racing, but will devote itself to such activities as customizing.

Parks should have his hands full. Clubs range from one extreme to the other. The Waddlers of Bell, for instance, are composed, as Roth puts it,

continued

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CAR CULTISTS (continued)

"Of a bunch of guys no one else would let in. They've got a plaque that shows a privy on wheels with a guy sticking his head out the window throwing up." At the other extreme were the Heaven Pacers of the East Bay, a club near San Francisco that required each applicant to have been "born again, accepted Jesus Christ as his personal savior." At drag races the Pacers held prayer meetings over the PA system, and once when the club dragster wasn't running properly they gathered around to ask for divine guidance. The dragster went on to top the strip record by six mph. The Pacers, who disbanded in 1960, had as their motto 1 Corinthians 9:24: "Know ye not that they which run in the race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run that ye may obtain."

Occupying the middle of the road, sociologically speaking, are the Glen Cove Road Panthers, of Long Island in New York. Formed nine years ago by Ed Eaton, now the national field director of the NHRA, the Panthers enjoy local police sponsorship. The Panthers meet in a city garage, where they work on the club dragster, and everything is done in proper fashion before the public eye. The club has detailed bylaws—one forbids members from wearing the club jacket into a bar—and anyone guilty of squirrelly behavior is liable to expulsion. Last summer two members were drummed out for good for drag racing on Glen Cove's main street.

To improve public relations, Panthers assist motorists in trouble. After changing a flat or adjusting a minor mechanical failure, a Panther will present the motorist with a courtesy card which reads, "You have been assisted by a member of the Glen Cove Road Panthers . . . a 'HOT ROD' organization formed by a group of responsible auto enthusiasts, dedicated to promote interest in the sport, wherever it may be found, and who some day hope to unveil to the Public the true meaning of the word, 'Hot Rod.'" As a good-will gesture last Christmas, the Panthers raised \$100 for a needy family.

Club membership now stands at 16, equally divided between speedsters and customizers, and on a January afternoon Reporter Mort Sharnik and I

talked to a half dozen of them, all but one of whom worked as mechanics.

The six offered a figure of \$1,000 as the yearly sum each spent on his car. "This is what it costs you after you have bought your car," said Jack Eaton, 28, Ed's younger brother and president of the club. "This \$1,000 is for nothing—for bolts." Eighty-five dollars a week was given as the income for the affluent members. Married Panthers indicated their wives handled their paychecks and several mentioned \$15 a week as their car allowance.

All admitted to street racing, but stressed that this was either before they joined the club or to "lame" a shot rodder who was a menace on the road. Steve Peterson, 18, said he had lost his junior license for nearly two years after he was caught doing 100 mph. "Since then I've been tame," he said. "It hurt too much not to be able to drive my car, and so now I have no trouble holding myself down."

Only one Panther, Dick Herman, 25, had ever "dragged for a pink slip"—that is, bet his registration against another driver. Herman lost. "I just didn't think of not giving him my car," he said. "If I hadn't, I suppose he would have beaten me up."

Herman, now an auxiliary policeman, agreed with other members that police, away from Glen Cove, are waiting to nab hot rodgers on technical violations. "They'll tag you for a technical muffler violation," he said. "The same thing the ordinary driver gets away with day after day, the hot rodder will be tagged for."

Eaton was opposed to many of the Lux Agedas fads. "Most of them are too far out for us," he said. "We don't wear any garbage. None of those squirrelly Waldo shirts or Larry mirror wearers. The way I figure it the guys should be dressed so I wouldn't be ashamed for them to come to my house." He was also against bongos drums, but he thought voodedo-head gearshift knobs were all right.

Several Panthers disagreed. Claude Pardi, 22, who had spent some time in California, thought the bongos and some of the new paint jobs were great. "I hope to eventually live on the Coast," he said. "Every time I see a California

(continued)

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A roundup of the sports information
of the week

HANDSOME To: **BOSTON** FIFTH, with a 191-119 dray over the St. Louis Hawks, clinched the NBA championship four games to one (see page 18). It was the third straight title for the Celtics, fourth in the last five years.

[illegible]

RECENT KIDNAP MATHIEU, No. 2 contender for Floyd Patterson's heavyweight title, announced a divorce from Miss Debbie, a socialite New York girl, to his long-time fiancée.

LOVE TROUBLE, Everett Ruess, middleweight champion from New York, called himself "Big Boy" in the ring, but in his civilian life, he was known as "Baby Face" and a TRO in New York.

BOB ARROW • HE CONSIDERS LYNCHING a crime and is shocked to witness it. In *Life*, and *Reveries*, the wandering of Robert Arrows, Maine, and Cambridge, Massachusetts, through the New England of the 19th century, is a kind of travelogue, a kind of a travelogue. The show does, in a sense, a little more.

References: C. A. J. van Rossum, 1977 NTH 1, 103-114; 1982 NTH 1, 147-155; 1983 NTH 1, 155-161; 1984 NTH 1, 161-167; 1985 NTH 1, 167-173; 1986 NTH 1, 173-179; 1987 NTH 1, 179-185; 1988 NTH 1, 185-191; 1989 NTH 1, 191-197; 1990 NTH 1, 197-203; 1991 NTH 1, 203-209; 1992 NTH 1, 209-215; 1993 NTH 1, 215-221; 1994 NTH 1, 221-227; 1995 NTH 1, 227-233; 1996 NTH 1, 233-239; 1997 NTH 1, 239-245; 1998 NTH 1, 245-251; 1999 NTH 1, 251-257; 2000 NTH 1, 257-263; 2001 NTH 1, 263-269; 2002 NTH 1, 269-275; 2003 NTH 1, 275-281; 2004 NTH 1, 281-287; 2005 NTH 1, 287-293; 2006 NTH 1, 293-299; 2007 NTH 1, 299-305; 2008 NTH 1, 305-311; 2009 NTH 1, 311-317; 2010 NTH 1, 317-323; 2011 NTH 1, 323-329; 2012 NTH 1, 329-335; 2013 NTH 1, 335-341; 2014 NTH 1, 341-347; 2015 NTH 1, 347-353; 2016 NTH 1, 353-359; 2017 NTH 1, 359-365; 2018 NTH 1, 365-371; 2019 NTH 1, 371-377; 2020 NTH 1, 377-383; 2021 NTH 1, 383-389; 2022 NTH 1, 389-395; 2023 NTH 1, 395-401; 2024 NTH 1, 401-407; 2025 NTH 1, 407-413; 2026 NTH 1, 413-419; 2027 NTH 1, 419-425; 2028 NTH 1, 425-431; 2029 NTH 1, 431-437; 2030 NTH 1, 437-443; 2031 NTH 1, 443-449; 2032 NTH 1, 449-455; 2033 NTH 1, 455-461; 2034 NTH 1, 461-467; 2035 NTH 1, 467-473; 2036 NTH 1, 473-479; 2037 NTH 1, 479-485; 2038 NTH 1, 485-491; 2039 NTH 1, 491-497; 2040 NTH 1, 497-503; 2041 NTH 1, 503-509; 2042 NTH 1, 509-515; 2043 NTH 1, 515-521; 2044 NTH 1, 521-527; 2045 NTH 1, 527-533; 2046 NTH 1, 533-539; 2047 NTH 1, 539-545; 2048 NTH 1, 545-551; 2049 NTH 1, 551-557; 2050 NTH 1, 557-563; 2051 NTH 1, 563-569; 2052 NTH 1, 569-575; 2053 NTH 1, 575-581; 2054 NTH 1, 581-587; 2055 NTH 1, 587-593; 2056 NTH 1, 593-599; 2057 NTH 1, 599-605; 2058 NTH 1, 605-611; 2059 NTH 1, 611-617; 2060 NTH 1, 617-623; 2061 NTH 1, 623-629; 2062 NTH 1, 629-635; 2063 NTH 1, 635-641; 2064 NTH 1, 641-647; 2065 NTH 1, 647-653; 2066 NTH 1, 653-659; 2067 NTH 1, 659-665; 2068 NTH 1, 665-671; 2069 NTH 1, 671-677; 2070 NTH 1, 677-683; 2071 NTH 1, 683-689; 2072 NTH 1, 689-695; 2073 NTH 1, 695-701; 2074 NTH 1, 701-707; 2075 NTH 1, 707-713; 2076 NTH 1, 713-719; 2077 NTH 1, 719-725; 2078 NTH 1, 725-731; 2079 NTH 1, 731-737; 2080 NTH 1, 737-743; 2081 NTH 1, 743-749; 2082 NTH 1, 749-755; 2083 NTH 1, 755-761; 2084 NTH 1, 761-767; 2085 NTH 1, 767-773; 2086 NTH 1, 773-779; 2087 NTH 1, 779-785; 2088 NTH 1, 785-791; 2089 NTH 1, 791-797; 2090 NTH 1, 797-803; 2091 NTH 1, 803-809; 2092 NTH 1, 809-815; 2093 NTH 1, 815-821; 2094 NTH 1, 821-827; 2095 NTH 1, 827-833; 2096 NTH 1, 833-839; 2097 NTH 1, 839-845; 2098 NTH 1, 845-851; 2099 NTH 1, 851-857; 2100 NTH 1, 857-863; 2101 NTH 1, 863-869; 2102 NTH 1, 869-875; 2103 NTH 1, 875-881; 2104 NTH 1, 881-887; 2105 NTH 1, 887-893; 2106 NTH 1, 893-899; 2107 NTH 1, 899-905; 2108 NTH 1, 905-911; 2109 NTH 1, 911-917; 2110 NTH 1, 917-923; 2111 NTH 1, 923-929; 2112 NTH 1, 929-935; 2113 NTH 1, 935-941; 2114 NTH 1, 941-947; 2115 NTH 1, 947-953; 2116 NTH 1, 953-959; 2117 NTH 1, 959-965; 2118 NTH 1, 965-971; 2119 NTH 1, 971-977; 2120 NTH 1, 977-983; 2121 NTH 1, 983-989; 2122 NTH 1, 989-995; 2123 NTH 1, 995-1001; 2124 NTH 1, 1001-1007; 2125 NTH 1, 1007-1013; 2126 NTH 1, 1013-1019; 2127 NTH 1, 1019-1025; 2128 NTH 1, 1025-1031; 2129 NTH 1, 1031-1037; 2130 NTH 1, 1037-1043; 2131 NTH 1, 1043-1049; 2132 NTH 1, 1049-1055; 2133 NTH 1, 1055-1061; 2134 NTH 1, 1061-1067; 2135 NTH 1, 1067-1073; 2136 NTH 1, 1073-1079; 2137 NTH 1, 1079-1085; 2138 NTH 1, 1085-1091; 2139 NTH 1, 1091-1097; 2140 NTH 1, 1097-1103; 2141 NTH 1, 1103-1109; 2142 NTH 1, 1109-1115; 2143 NTH 1, 1115-1121; 2144 NTH 1, 1121-1127; 2145 NTH 1, 1127-1133; 2146 NTH 1, 1133-1139; 2147 NTH 1, 1139-1145; 2148 NTH 1, 1145-1151; 2149 NTH 1, 1151-1157; 2150 NTH 1, 1157-1163; 2151 NTH 1, 1163-1169; 2152 NTH 1, 1169-1175; 2153 NTH 1, 1175-1181; 2154 NTH 1, 1181-1187; 2155 NTH 1, 1187-1193; 2156 NTH 1, 1193-1199; 2157 NTH 1, 1199-1205; 2158 NTH 1, 1205-1211; 2159 NTH 1, 1211-1217; 2160 NTH 1, 1217-1223; 2161 NTH 1, 1223-1229; 2162 NTH 1, 1229-1235; 2163 NTH 1, 1235-1241; 2164 NTH 1, 1241-1247; 2165 NTH 1, 1247-1253; 2166 NTH 1, 1253-1259; 2167 NTH 1, 1259-1265; 2168 NTH 1, 1265-1271; 2169 NTH 1, 1271-1277; 2170 NTH 1, 1277-1283; 2171 NTH 1, 1283-1289; 2172 NTH 1, 1289-1295; 2173 NTH 1, 1295-1301; 2174 NTH 1, 1301-1307; 2175 NTH 1, 1307-1313; 2176 NTH 1, 1313-1319; 2177 NTH 1, 1319-1325; 2178 NTH 1, 1325-1331; 2179 NTH 1, 1331-1337; 2180 NTH 1, 1337-1343; 2181 NTH 1, 1343-1349; 2182 NTH 1, 1349-1355; 2183 NTH 1, 1355-1361; 2184 NTH 1, 1361-1367; 2185 NTH 1, 1367-1373; 2186 NTH 1, 1373-1379; 2187 NTH 1, 1379-1385; 2188 NTH 1, 1385-

Senior STEVE BENTHAK, having a long ball, broke past two major dogs to win the \$22,000 National Championship. Over the entire season, Bent had a 12-hole total of 276. Charlie Safford, the first Negro to play in a major PGA-sponsored tournament, also played in the 1950 and 1951 tournaments. He finished with a respectable 280 in a fourth place tie with Dean Lloyd.

PLAYERS: The Dallas Cowboys' defense was the best in the league, and it was the only team to finish the season with a winning record. The Dallas Cowboys' defense was the best in the league, and it was the only team to finish the season with a winning record.

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lengths over North Sea. The mill, with George Williams as skipper, ran the 11th under a 100-4-5. MALLIKINDON, 22000, heavy 900000, about 100000 challenges to keep all the way in the 100-4-5. England Handicap at 100000. All made 100-4-5, getting over 100000 by four lengths, and the 11th under a 100-4-5.

1. *THE FORM* is dedicated jointly to California Judge Charles W. H. Smith and the National A.A.U. (Association to Advance the Understanding of the Human Mind), headquartered in San Jose, Calif. (45000). Home of the San Francisco, no longer existent, and grand chambers system. (Other a minor, Hon. Campbell of San Jose-Berkeley, Incorporated in Calif., Twenty-eight, House of the U.S. Air Force - 1950-1951; San Jose, National of Southern California Judge Clark, Incorporated.

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ADOLF TERNER (1818-1890), *Erziehungs- und Schulreform*, 1876, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 256

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RECORD. 1971, 1,531 ft. of sandstone, from the Davis Gap (nearby) Key River, 7 mi. S. of the U.S. border with New Mexico, entry in the *Stratigraphic Column* of the Houston, Texas.

RECORD AND FIELD. THE GEOLOGICAL CO. OF THE U.S. is now using Davis Gap at Columbia, Tex., as a reference point for the Davis Gap (nearby) Key River, 7 mi. S. of the U.S. border with New Mexico, entry in the *Stratigraphic Column* of the Houston, Texas.

SOURCE: SCOTTIE McCall, owner of Tom McCall's, tavern, 10013 N. 45th Ave., Edina, Minn.; owner of the 10,000-sq-ft Holiday Inn and Casino, 10000 N. 45th Ave., Edina, Minn.; owner of the 10,000-sq-ft Holiday Inn and Casino, 10000 N. 45th Ave., Edina, Minn.; owner of the 10,000-sq-ft Holiday Inn and Casino, 10000 N. 45th Ave., Edina, Minn.

MURDERER KILLED KINGSTON RIVER, N. J., James Thompson, Working Horse, owner of Lee National Cattle Co., was shot dead by his daughter Judy, 18, during family argument in which Mrs. Thompson threatened her wife and daughter, a child, 10. Young Judy, who stated she was afraid her father was about to kill her, was charged at Kingston where Mrs. Mary Foster.

DIED: FRED C. BOWKILL, JR., 34, former major league pitcher (1959-1964), Philadelphia, and brother of Jim Bowkilla, long-time m.p. First victim of a bomb attack in Wichita, Kan. (AP).
 THREAT: Twenty-four bombs and 47 letters, in an early morning box, that swept two cities of the Midwest last night, threatening lives, said the Chicago Post and Tribune, which says \$250,000.

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

All the action was in the East where, because of bad weather, only 15 of the first 26 scheduled games were played. But everybody won a game and everybody lost one, even the two new clubs. One of baseball's best pitching combinations—Pedro Martinez and Gabe Kaprielian—got the Minnesota Twins off to a pair of early wins. After Rasmus blanked the Yankees, Kaprielian threw a five-hitter at the Orioles. Rasmus knocked the Yankees, Kaprielian pulled a hamstring muscle and may be out for three weeks. But Bob Allison kept the Twins' home-run reputation flourishing by hitting a grand-slammer and a three-run homer against the Orioles. Although it was hardly an impressive figure, the Detroit Tigers led in home runs with four (the league as a whole had only 10 home runs in its first 13 games). Frank Lary shut out the White Sox 7-0 on one hit. The Cleveland Indians stayed near the top by winning two of three. Jimmy Piersall, despite a foulball of junk thrown at him by Detroit fans in the open air, held his temper. Responding to a barrage that included fruit, vegetables, a metal hair brush, metal tape and several golf balls, Piersall drove out four hits. The New York Yankees put an Thermal underwear—left over by the football Giants—before their cold-weather opener against Minnesota, but lost anyway. It was not until the sixth day of the hivesetter season that the Yankees won for the first time. In their first three games the Chicago White Sox hitters piled out only 14 hits and scored but six runs. The pitchers matched the hitters: 11 were

used in the three games. Baltimore's hitting was so weak that Orioles President Lee MacPhail pleaded at one point, "Let's get a rally going. Let's get a couple of walks and some errors." After losing a double-header to the Twins, Baltimore was in 10th place. In spite of the fact that the Kansas City Athletics had to use seven pitchers to salvage a split of their first two games, Manager Joe Gordon said bravely, "I think I'll carry only nine pitchers this season." The Boston Red Sox got shutout pitching from Ike Dyeck to introduce Los Angeles to defeat. Manager Mike Higgins smiled when local papers put added pressure on Rookie Carl Yastrzemski by printing daily boxes comparing his performances with those of Ted Williams in his first year. The Los Angeles Angels split two games, and the new Washington Senators lost three of four (see page 37).

BUNS PRODUCED

AMERICAN LEAGUE	Buns Scored	Total Runs Scored	Per Cent
Phillies, Phil (500)	4	2	0
Red Sox (111)	2	1	0
Angels, Los (368)	3	3	5
Kansas City, Mo (250)	2	2	0
E. Red Sox, Bos (500)	2	2	0
Kentucky, Cin (220)	2	2	0
Tampa, Fla (360)	1	1	0
Boston, Bos (100)	2	2	0
NATIONAL LEAGUE	Buns Scored	Total Runs Scored	Per Cent
Yankees, N.Y. (111)	4	3	0
T. Cubs, LA (200)	4	4	0
Card. St. (240)	4	4	0
Giants, Phil (500)	3	3	0
Jazzers, Chi (220)	0	0	0
Sox, Bos (170)	3	3	0
Phil. Cin (240)	2	2	0
Cubs, Phil (110)	5	3	0
Spencer, Phil (220)	4	2	0

Source: by collecting RBIs from GAA.



OLDTIMERS Wally Pate, Frank Lary were at their best. Pate hit long HR against Cards; Lary pitched a one-hitter.

Mays with the tying run, and the Giants went on to win 4-3. The Cincinnati Reds started with three straight wins. Wally Pate hit a prodigious home run against the Cardinals. Teammate Jay Hook, who has an engineering degree, estimated that the pitch came in at 90 mph, that Pate swung at 116-120 mph and that the ball was hit at 150 feet a second. He then estimated the homer would have traveled at least 369 feet had it not hit the scoreboard. The Pittsburgh Pirates hit and made double plays, settled for three victories in six games with Giants and Dodgers. The Los Angeles Dodgers won their first two games, then made six errors in two games and lost three in a row. Coach Leo Durocher had a lively kidding duel with Umpire Jackie Chilson, was ejected from the game. The Milwaukee Braves could not shake their 1960 habit of blowing early leads, lost three games on home runs in the last inning, are still looking for a reliable reliever. St. Louis had five hard games, won three, the first on a home run by Darryl Spencer off Warren Spahn. Spencer said, "That's the first mistake Spahn's made on me in seven years." The Philadelphia Phillies wanted good pitching by Frank Sullivan and Art Mahaffey (a three-striker), but Dallas Green shut out the Giants. The Chicago Cubs came through with storybook slugging; with two out in the ninth, Sammy Taylor hit a game-winning home run one day, and Al Holt hit one the next.

TEAM LEADERS: BATTING

AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Clay Phillips	500	Perkins	417
Red Sox	417	Boris	400
Ken Ventres	417	Albers	350
NY Yankees	417	Spencer	333
Bob Bunn	371	Sealing	330
KC Athletics	250	Taffee	238
LA Angels	250	Agnew	230
Phil. Cin	250	Spencer	207
Phil. Cin	250	Spencer	207
Phil. Cin	250	Spencer	207

NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Clay	Bailey	415	Paul
Phil	Valton	411	Berglund
GP	T. Alva	350	Mays
Clay	Zentgraf	323	Sanfle
Clay	Livingston	407	Levens
LA	Moss	360	T. Davis
Phil	Gonzalez	393	Calhoun
Mo	McMillan	385	Mohrman

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Pressmen forecasters said that the league race would be much tighter this year: eight of the first 13 games were decided by one run, and at the end of the first week only two games separated first place from last. Manager Al Durr's strategy with the first-place San Francisco Giants named him the nickname The Mad Scientist. Losing to the Pirates by one run, he had Willie Mays, who was on first, steal on the first pitch to Willie McCovey, a left-handed batter. ("A catcher has a harder time throwing to second when a lefty is up," Durr explained.) Mays stole successfully. Durr then took McCovey out and sent in Joe Amalfitano, a right-handed batter, to hit. Amalfitano scored

TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING (ERA)

AMERICAN LEAGUE		
Clayton Kershaw	0.00	0.00
Clayton Kershaw	0.00	0.00
Clayton Kershaw	0.00	0.00
Clayton Kershaw	0.00	0.00
Clayton Kershaw	0.00	0.00
Clayton Kershaw	0.00	0.00
Clayton Kershaw	0.00	0.00
Clayton Kershaw	0.00	0.00
Clayton Kershaw	0.00	0.00
Clayton Kershaw	0.00	0.00

NATIONAL LEAGUE				
Cin	Perkins	1.06	O'Toole	1.06
Pitt	Loe	1.11	Gallie	1.11
Stl	McGinnis	1.06	Loe	1.11
Chi	Anderson	2.00	Stewart	2.00
Stl	Boggs	6.04	Simmons	2.00
LA	Pedroni	1.11	Drysdale	2.00
Phi	Sporn	6.00	Wright	2.00
Wu	Leahy	1.02	Wald	2.00

David Robinson from the press, April 11

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

HITS, BUMS AND ERRORS

Six:

Congratulations. Your reports on the front office and ball park of each major league team were superb (*Sporting Reports* 1981, April 30).

The only thing wrong with the whole issue was that you called the Chicago White Sox old. You must remember that they are long on experience.

Shelby, Ill.
JEFFREY BLATT

Six:

A team does not perform strictly on the basis of past records. Rookies come through, veterans come back, and unknown stars.

The Cubs will arise because it is not dusty. Unless statistics that win a ball game; not is it the predictions of mystic pencil-padders. It is desire, confidence and team spirit.

Waukegan, Ill.
MIKE DUFFY

Six:

The Cardinals' Ernie Brengle and Lindy McDaniel are a better starter-reliever combination than anything the World Championship Pirates can possibly field.

Edinburg, Tex.
ED CORKLING

Six:

I would like to thank you gentlemen for the raw deal you gave the Detroit Tigers. John Ward is going to be the Rookie of the Year, and the Tigers are going to win the pennant.

Ann Arbor
KIMBERLY MILLER

Six:

During his stint with the Detroit Tigers last season, Angel Steve Eilon, "vill a West Coast legend," was primarily known for his KNEBls (*Ross Not Batted In*).

Detroit
JOHN WELLSING

Six:

This year's Baseball Issue is a hit in my league.

Fort Knox, Ky.
ALONZO H. ROBINSON

HEY, GETCHA COLD BEER

Six:

That was a real gem, that crack of yours that the "best way to go to the ball game in Boston is the MTA." Whose idea was that? Let me explain that to go to Fenway Park from outside of Boston where I live, you get on Scituate Drive, known as the Southeast Expressway, then take another horrible drive through Massachusetts Avenue to the park. Parking isn't easy, but can be done. The Boston police

do cooperate during the season. That drive takes 30 minutes due to deer, compared to the two hours spent to get home on the MTA, getting pushed, shoved, insulted, smoke blown in your face, and Lord help the children if you have them with you! Gentlemen, please, I know from what I speak, I've traveled both. Your article wasn't very informative, but it sure was funny.

Weston, Mass.
ROSEMARY KEMNER

Six:

Your description of Yankee Stadium was quite accurate, especially one sentence: "Just try to get away without tipping a stadium seat!"

Last June three college friends and I took a special railroad excursion to New York and a Red Sox-Yankee double-header. An usher very kindly showed us the way, wiped our seats and, of course, waited for his tip. This was two bits apiece for keeping the seats of our parents clean, mind you.

Caseo the seventh inning with the Boston trailing 1 to the Sox got a man on first with two outs and up stepped Ted Williams. Without thinking twice, I turned to the usher and made a friendly two-bit wager that Ted would hit one in the stands—fair. He accepted. Ted obliged. I got my quarter back. But next time I go to Yankee Stadium I'll sit in the bleachers.

Brockline, Mass.
ROBERT WOLFF

Six:

"Please fans bring their own" beer into Fenway Field? Horrors!

The city fathers decreed last year that the fans must now sit and watch in beerless awe.

Pittsburgh
LARRY BLASKO

Six:

You stated that St. Louis was the "only ball park with draught beer."

Cincinnati has sold draught beer since beer was legalized.

Dayton
HERMAN H. STRICKLE



MARATHON FANS Frick, Tauber, Stephenson (left), Coleman, Ault and Meyer (bottom) helped send a runner to Boston.

A CHANCE TO RUN

Six:

After reading your article on distance runner Fred Noris, (*The Olden Frodo*, Jan. 23) I contacted seven friends of mine—J. Roger Tauber, Donald B. Tansill Jr., Garrick C. Stephenson, Richard T. Frick Jr., G. J. Anderson, Robert S. Coleman and B. Willet Meyer who I felt might be willing to share in providing the necessary funds to enable Mr. Noris to compete in the Boston Marathon. Although none of them is a runner, every one of them became enthusiastic about the project.

I know you'll be glad to hear that because of their support Mr. Noris will be running in Boston (his Wednesday).

Broomfield, Ault Jr.
MIL NORK, N.Y.

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PAT ON THE BACK



JOHN BOHMANN

Four in one at 14

If the golfing form of 14-year-old John Bohmann of Seguin, Texas, seems to lack grace, it certainly does not lack accuracy. In his short golfing career John has already scored four holes in one. All were on the par 3, 145-yard No. 6 at the Seguin municipal course.

John generally plays "around 40" on the nine-hole course near his home. He knocked in his first hole in one when he was only 11, just after his father had introduced him to the

game. At that time he had an idea of the rarity of his golfing feat. "I was more surprised the second time," he says. "By then I knew it was something unusual."

By the time he got his two most recent aces, within a week of each other, early this year, John had grown considerably less blasé. In fact, he says, "I leaped into the air and screamed like an Indian."

John's secret? "I just try to hit the green as near the pin as possible."

HORSE SHOW SCHEDULE

Major events through May 7

APRIL 25-29

Las Vegas All-Arabian Horse Show,
Las Vegas.

New Mexico Crippled Children's Bene-
fit Show, Albuquerque.

APRIL 30

Pelham Bridge Stables Horse Show,
Bronx, N.Y.

Brandywine Manor Show, West Ches-
ter, Pa.

Sweet Briar Spring Show, Sweet Briar,
Va.

Farmington Spring Horse Show, Char-
lottesville, Va.

Mocklesburg Hounds Spring Show,
Charlotte, N.C.

APRIL 22-23

Philmont Spring Horse Show, Philo-
mont, Va.

Edgepark Stables Horse Show, Hous-
ton.

APRIL 23

High View Farm Horse Show, Pats-
ford, N.Y.

Lenox Kiwanis Horse Show, Lenox,
Mass.

Little Plains Spring Show, Huntington,
N.Y.

Blue Grass Riding Club Spring Hunter
Show, Lexington, Ky.

University League Show, Charlottesville,
Va.

Upland Horse Show, Unionville, Pa.

APRIL 27-30

New Orleans Charity Horse Show,
New Orleans.

APRIL 28-30

Greater Lynchburg Horse Show,
Lynchburg, Va.

Hillridge Riding Club Children's
Show, Pasadena, Calif.

Elk's Club Horse Show, Phoenix, Ariz.

APRIL 30

Altamonte Runtan Horse Show, Char-
lottesville, Va.

continued

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HORSE SHOWS *(continued)*

The Gil School Horse Show, Morristown, N.Y.

Gleason Hunt Pony Club Junior Show and Gymkhana, Groton, Mass.

Loudoun County High School Junior Show, Leesburg, Va.

APRIL 28-30

Boley's Cross Roads Show, Falls Church, Va.

Tryon Horse Show, Tryon, N.C.

Grosse Pointe Indoor Show, Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Chatham County Horse Show, Pittsboro, N.C.

Boulder Brook Spring Show, Scarsdale, N.Y.

Carlsbad Horsemen's Association Show, Carlsbad, N. Mex.

Columbia Riding Club Show, Columbia, Pa.

APRIL 30

Whitelands Hunter Horse Show, Exton, Pa.

Milwood Schooling Show, Framingham, Mass.

New Jersey PHA Horse Show, Morristown, Pa.

Richmond Riding and Driving Club Spring Show, Richmond, B.C.

Mt. Diablo Trail Ride Association Horse Show, Concord, Calif.

Princess Anne Rotary Club Show, Allen, Md.

MAY 3-6

Spindletop Charity Show, Beaumont, Texas.

MAY 5

V.F.W. Horse Show, Lebanon, Tenn.

MAY 6-8

Texas Spring All-Arabian Show, Nacogoches, Texas.

MAY 6-7

Tidewater Horse and Pony Show, Norfolk, Va.

Sedgefield Horse Show, Greensboro, N.C.

(continued)



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HORSE SHOWS *continued*

Applechee Rider Show, Wenatchee, Wash.

Junior Essex Troop Horse Show, West Orange, N.J.

Syracuse PHA Horse Show, Syracuse, N.Y.

Bridgespar Hunt Horse Show, St. Louis.

MAY 6

Rockbridge Horse Show, Lexington, Va.

Girl Scout Benefit Horse Show, Burke, Va.

Harrisburg Horse Show, Harrisburg, Pa.

Sacramento Riding Club Junior Show, North Highlands, Calif.

Sagartown Horse Show, Newtown Square, Pa.

Groton Hunt Horse Show, Groton, Mass.

Fairfield Spring Pony Show, Westport, Conn.

MAY 6-7

Southlands Hunter-Jumper Show, Vancouver, B.C.

Rose Bowl Riders Show, Pasadena, Calif.

Immanuel Junior Horse Show, Glencoe, Md.

Vassar College Horse Show, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Pennsylvania State University Riding Club, State College, Pa.

MAY 7

New England PHA Horse Show, Medfield, Mass.

Rice Farm Spring Show, Huntington, N.Y.

Skyline Farm Junior Show, Valley Forge, Pa.

Fairfield County Hunt Club Schooling Show, Westport, Conn.

Marietta Lions Club Horse Show, Marietta, Pa.

Triple Lake Ranch Horse Show, Succasunna, N.J.

END

The Fortunes of a Man and a Rod

Fishing tackle is big business
in a Vermont village, but the boss
gives it an angler's touch

by DUNCAN BARNES

In an age of mass production of sporting gear made from synthetic materials, the Charles F. Orvis Company of Manchester, Vt., is remarkable in two ways: it makes fishing rods out of a natural bamboo (called tonkin), grown in China, and the rods are processed by hand. The enterprise is a profitable one, so much so that it is second only to the resort business in Manchester, and in that area of Vermont resorts are the major industry. Established by a native Manchesterite 105 years ago, the Orvis Company "belonged" to the village, which lies in the southwestern corner of the state between the Taconic and Green mountains. So it was not surprising that residents of Manchester were a little aloof with him when an intruder from the South bought this famous old company for a mere \$3,000 in 1939. But this lukewarm, almost chilly, reception failed to dismay Dudley Clarke (Duckie) Corkran, a former amateur golfer and a native of Baltimore whose fishing experiences were limited to an occasional "grub-dipping expedition for gudgeon in Maryland's streams." Today, the town considers him almost a native, for he has attracted thousands of fishermen to Manchester.

Since 1856, when Charles F. Orvis turned his hobby of rod-making into a full-time business, anglers have admired the balance, durability and feel of a five-lb Orvis bamboo rod. Corkran turns out some 2,900 of these hand-processed rods in 70 different weight-and-length combinations each year. The Orvis rod is used by the dedicated fly fisherman who

continued

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A Man and a Rod

casts for trout on Oregon's Rogue River; the patient plug caster working Lake Okechobee in Florida for largemouth bass and the surf caster spinning for striped bass in Truro, Mass. The rods range in price from a \$52.50 bolt-action stick to a \$390 heavy-duty 1499-footer for big Atlantic salmon.

At 65, Corkran's stature as a businessman is larger than his 5-foot-5 height would suggest. In 1949, 10 years after he purchased the company from Albert Orvis, Corkran sold \$126,000 worth of fishing tackle. And in 1960 he had total sales amounting to \$451,000, considerably behind two flash years in the 1950s.

Every rod is numbered

A bespectacled man with a complexion like a Vermont McIntosh apple, Corkran studied civil engineering at Princeton. He toured as a leading amateur golfer in the 1930s and was medalist with 142 for 36 holes during the 1934 U.S. Amateur at Merion Cricket Club. Later, he was a salesman, draftsman and stockbroker before taking over the Orvis Company. His wife, "Skippie," is in charge of the expensive illustrated catalog, which reaches more than 65,000 sportsmen.

Since early 1980, Corkran has inscribed a serial number on every Orvis tonkin rod. "We're over 30,000 already," he says, "and in most cases we know who owns a particular rod, where he fishes and even his success as an angler."

The original Orvis factory, a long narrow barnlike building on Union Street, still houses the company's rod-making machinery. It stands less than 300 feet from the giant oak trees which shade stately colonial houses on Route 7, Manchester's main street. It was in this old frame structure that Charles F. Orvis first turned out his long split-bamboo rods with wire guides.

The new Orvis process consists of cementing and saturating strips of tonkin cane with Bakelite phenolic cement, a synthetic resin which strengthens and seals the tonkin. The process was devised by Wesley D. (West) Jordan, Orvis' 67-year-old vice-president, who first turned out handmade rods in 1919 and who joined Corkran after 20 years of manu-

EVEN IF YOU DO CATCH A BATCH... you still might want something besides fish three meals a day. The genius of one Ward D. McArthur long, long ago not only created perhaps the tastiest bacon, bacon and sausage ever savored but also has made it possible for today's sportsmen to park in bacon for the fishing trip or cruise without fear of spoilage. Cured by a coveted secret formula and smoked over green hickory, it will serve as a healthy consolation for any skunking encountered.

Our dollar can sound plus savings to any man in the U.S. by mail order what you absolutely cannot catch here. Drop us a card or call.

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Millerton, New York Phone 38

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For further information, write or call William A. Marr, Regional Advertising Manager, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time and Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York 20.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
The First Market to Bar

facturing rods on a mass production scale. Orvis turns out about 45 custom toadkin rods per week, and Jordan follows each one through its entire manufacture, endlessly testing the bamboo for limberness and resiliency. Orvis uses only select tonkin cane, cultivated in a limited area north of Canton, China. First used by rod makers shortly before 1900, tonkin has not been imported into the U.S. since



"Backs" Corkran keeps track of customers and even the luck they have with Orvis rods.

1950. But Corkran has enough proven-grade bamboo for about 50,000 rods. At Orvis' present rate of production the bamboo, used in those Manchester barns, will last 20 years. Corkran doesn't plan to increase his present rate of 2,500 rods a year.

After years of experimentation, Jordan developed the Orvis process in 1942 and first tested it a year later when Corkran acquired a government contract to make 5,000 bamboo ski poles for the Army. Working with a bamboo expert from the Smithsonian Institution, Jordan treated every bamboo commercially available. He found that no bamboo could match tonkin for strength and lividness.

Fishermen are sometimes invited to tour Corkran's office on the second floor of the Orvis factory and examine intriguing displays of old Orvis rods, flies and

continued

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THE INBOARD ENGINE WITH THE OUTBOARD DRIVE

SPECIFICATIONS

HORSEPOWER.....	30
BORE & STROKE (IN.).....	3.15 & 3.15
CYLINDERS.....	4
PISTON DISPL. (CU. IN.).....	97
FUEL.....	REGULAR 93 OCTANE GASOLINE
LENGTH (IN.).....	29
MAX. WIDTH (IN.).....	17 1/2
Ht. ABOVE BOTTOM OF BOAT (APPROX. IN.).....	32
ELECTRICAL SYSTEM.....	12 VOLTS
WEIGHT OF ENGINE AND DRIVE (APPROX. LBS.).....	440

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THE INBOARD ENGINE
WITH THE OUTBOARD DRIVE

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Flint, Mich. Pick-DuPont
Huntsville, Ala. Albert Pick Motel
Miami Beach, Fla. Albert Pick Hotel
Minneapolis, Minn. Pick-Resolute
Mobile, Ala. Albert Pick Motel

Maryland, Ala. Albert Pick Motel
Nashville, Tenn. Albert Pick Motel
Natchez, Miss. Albert Pick Motel
New York, N.Y. Belmont Plaza
Pittsburgh, Pa. Pick-Restaurant
Portland, Me. Holiday Inn Motel
Rockford, Ill. Albert Pick Motel
St. Louis, Mo. Albert Pick Motel
St. Louis, Mo. Pick-Mark Twain
South Bend, Ind. Pick-Olive
Tampa, Fla. Albert Pick Motel
Toledo, O. Pick-Fort Meigs
Tulsa, Okla. Pick-Hansen
Washington, D.C. Pick-Lee House
Youngstown, O. Pick-Olive

Operated in the tradition of over a century of hospitality by the Albert Pick family

A Man and a Rod continued

factory relics. The collection includes the original U.S. patents for the first fly reel with perforated side plates, designed to dry out the line and lighten the weight of the reel, and the first locking reel seat. Modifications of both designs are found on most modern-day rods. Under a glass-topped table is a bedraggled salmon fly of undistinguishable pattern that caught 249 pounds of trout in Quebec's Grand Cascapedia. Among the hundreds of cardboard boxes filled with animal fur and bird feathers for tying flies, Corkran discovered the lifelike body of a parrot, mummified in moth flakes and lying in a nest of feathers. In the attic is a collection of photographs taken in the late 1880s. One shows men in bowler hats and ladies in hoop skirts casting flies with long bamboo rods on Montana's Yellowstone River. Surrounded by original Orvis fly patterns, the collection won a gold medal in the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago. Corkran has had numerous offers from exclusive angler clubs but will not sell the historic collection. In the tiny 1878 Orvis catalog a split-bamboo salmon rod 11 feet long and seven ounces in weight cost a grand total of \$25. Today, the modern Orvis counterpart is still 11 feet but weighs an additional 3½ ounces, can be equipped with a matching fly line and sells for \$135.

Customers like the largest pool

A favorite with all fishermen from the neophyte to the experienced fly-rod expert is a heart-shaped casting pool behind the ultrasublime Orvis showroom. Filled with lunker brown and rainbow trout and fed by spring water from a tiny brook, the pool is used by customers trying out new rods. Corkran allows only barbless hook flies to be used in the pool. "That way we give the angler just enough of a thrill. He gets a live demonstration of the action of an Orvis rod, and the barbless hooks rarely injure the trout. Sales from the pool vary. We can almost always tell when a man is going to buy a rod or just try it out for fun. It's a gimmick—but fishermen just can't resist it." Neither can the local small fry, who each year poach a number of big trout on worms under cover of darkness, in spite of the night watchman. **8009**

(continued from front flap of this insert)

You: Nope, I mean domestic cars—domestic cars and captive imports, like Vauxhall and Opel. *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* carried 4 more than the *Post* did.

Somebody: Gosh, I don't believe that. No magazine carries more automotive advertising than the *Post*. There must be something wrong with those figures you've got there.

See what I mean? Thanks for standing up for us in that discussion, but you're likely to make yourself pretty unpopular if you continue, even though you'll be right. Better be diplomatic and don't press the point.

It's a little bit like a story that Roy Terrell, one of our best baseball writers, was telling me the other day about my favorite baseball character, Yogi Berra.

Berra was visiting the Yankee dressing room, just pending his discharge from the Navy. He was still in his sailor's uniform. As he walked by, two writers looked at one another. Said one: "That kid in the sailor suit is going to be the Yankees' first-string catcher this year. Doesn't look much like a ballplayer, does he?" His companion said, "Doesn't even look much like a sailor."

Maybe it's just that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* doesn't look like it's carrying all those ad pages. But I assure you we are. Nothing up our sleeve—except 950,000 active, responsive families, who wouldn't be reading a magazine like this one unless they were active. And they can afford to be responsive, for they have the highest median income (\$10,835) of any general magazine—I'll except a couple like *Fortune* and *Harvard Business Review*.

(There I go again—I can hear you saying, "That's a pretty high figure, Pete. Nice work. But you don't mean higher than magazines like, say, *Time*, or *Newsweek*, or *U.S. News*, or *The New Yorker*, do you?")

Yes, I do. Higher than any of them.

* * *

Talking about Yogi Berra, as I was earlier, he's always been one of my favorite characters. I've never met him, but I've always had the idea that if I did, I'd like him.

And if I did meet him, it would probably be through another favorite character named Keith Morris, who works for our promotion department under the title of Director of Special Events. In the pictures on the following page, he's the man up front, in the middle or holding the mike.

Keith is a realist who believes that the stars who perform on the pages of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* should not only provide a colorful background for your advertising—they should also step out of the pages and come alive as part of your total marketing effort as a user of this magazine.

(continued on back page)

(continued from preceding page)



And so, as literally hundreds of delighted ad managers and sales managers will attest, they literally do. The four golfers—**Jerry Barber**, **Cary Middlecoff**, **Arnold Palmer**, and **Bob Rosburg**, all showed up for a clinic sponsored in Akron last year by the Enjay Chemical Corporation, just before the PGA...That's **Ted Williams**, showing a Sports Festival crowd at Jordan-Marsh in Miami the fine points of fly-casting...**Frank Gifford** speaks at a Toiletory Merchandisers Association Convention, courtesy of Bristol-Myers...**Johnny Weissmuller** and **Jesse Owens**, two Olympic all-time greats, have appeared for **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** advertisers on more occasions than Keith can count.



Dick Great took time off from spring training to appear at a Warner-Lambert meeting in Florida. Wrote Vice-President and Sales Director **Bill Brown**, "Dick was outstanding. He would certainly come highly recommended by Warner-Lambert to any other marketing group which might be interested in a speaker"...The sales staff of **Gabriel Shock Absorbers** all recently received a promotion letter from **Warren Spahn**...**Union Central Life** salesmen met and spoke to **Red Grange**...and the **Lee Hat** sales force heard **Chuck Bednarik** and **Jimmy Brown**...Last week, after the opener in Washington, 8 members of the new **Senators** exchanged their uniforms for tuxedos and greeted customers of Washington's **Evening Shop** in person, courtesy of **After Six**...



Dozens of stars have endorsed **SI**-advertised products...Dozens more have appeared as models...Literally hundreds have been present, spoken, performed at countless conventions and sales meetings, for advertisers and associations of every kind, from the **NARCF** to the **NIAA**, toiletries to tires...Winners in a **Hudson's Bay** Sestch sales contest had dinner with **Norm Van Brocklin**...the **Valdesta Country Club** actually won **Arnold Palmer** for a day, in a **Campbell's Soup-on-the-Rocks** promotion contest...The promotional limits to which you can use the world's great sports figures are only your own imagination.

Keith Morris' ever-expanding cast of thousands is the one surest way I know of to illuminate your next sales meeting, or spark your next promotion. These athletes are hard-working, good-looking, personable. They're usually college-educated. They're used to appearing in the public eye. The girls among them—**Florence Chadwick**, **Barbara Romack**, **Pat McCormick**, to name three—believe whatever you may have thought about women athletes being monosyllabic Amazons.



And beyond everything, they've all got the competitive instinct, which I assume is one of the first things you look for in a salesman or a promoter.

There's only one thing **Keith** can't do—and that's do anything for you if you're not a **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** advertiser. However, that's your easiest problem of all.

Pete Callaway
Advertising Director



By G. O'Connell

The Prince and the Palatial Floor

Once upon a time, there was a comely young Prince who married a beautiful maiden. But an evil old witch turned him into a frog. Just like that. 

"Frog you are, and frog you shall remain," she cried, "until your Princess has Palatial Vinyl Corlon floors installed throughout the Royal Palace."

The Prince tried to remonstrate. After all, Armstrong hadn't even designed Palatial Corlon in those days. But in vain,

for all he could say was "Brek-ek-ek-Koax-Koax," which was nicely Aristophanic, but hardly made the point.

Today, Armstrong does make Palatial Vinyl Corlon, and a very palatial floor it is, with the classic beauty of marble and shimmering with golden tracery.

The Princess, as soon as she heard the good news, wrote to us (as you are welcome to do) and asked for a list of the stores in her area that have Palatial Corlon. We also sent her (as we will gladly send you) a book of special color schemes to help her decorate right roy-

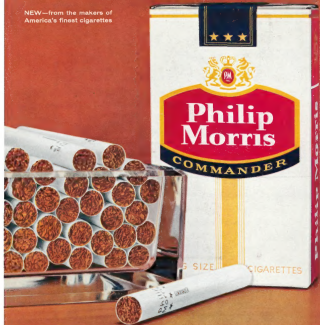
ally with this resplendent vinyl floor.

So now, as you can see, Palatial Corlon graces the Palace. And, any minute, the witch's spell will be broken and the Prince will be transformed again into his own charming self. Watch carefully. Don't take your eyes off this page.


For your color scheme book and list of Palatial dealers, write Armstrong, 6104 Weston Rd., Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 41-S, Box 919, Montreal, P. Q. Palatial Corlon is one of the famous

Armstrong VINYL FLOORS

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America's finest cigarettes



Vacuum-cleaned tobacco makes these cigarettes taste better

The cleaner the tobacco, the better it tastes. This is why every bit of tobacco in new king-size Philip Morris Commanders is vacuum-cleaned on a new machine, the Mark VIII. This machine also fills each cigarette fully and firmly. It all adds up to a cigarette that is noticeably better. Have a Commander ... welcome aboard.

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